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THE CHESS PLAYERS.

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THE HUNTINGTONS.

WHEN I made the acquaintance of the Huntington family, it consisted of Mrs. Huntington, a venerable matron at least seventy years of age, her daughter, Mrs. Debray, an estimable lady of about forty-five, and two grandchildren—a youth something more than eighteen years old, the only child of Mrs. Huntington's eldest son, and a young lady, hardly sixteen, the daughter of Mrs. Debray.

They lived a short distance from New York, in a fine old country-mansion on the Hudson, that had all the surroundings of a sumptuous villa. Here were to be found a garden, finely laid out and carefully kept, a vineyard, hot-houses, rare fruits and flowers, statuary, and pictures—in short, whatever refined taste could desire and abundant wealth could supply. The grounds were unusually extensive, reaching from the river on the one side to the high-road on the other.

My first visit to the Huntington mansion was strictly professional. Mr. Sumpter, a lawyer of the old school, who had outlived his contemporaries, had till lately been the professional adviser of Mrs. Huntington. His death rendered it necessary for her to select another attorney. Her choice fell on me; she therefore one day addressed me a note, in which she expressed a desire to see me at Huntington Place—so her country residence was called—on a specified morning.

When I gave the servant my name, I was desired to step into the library. The low ceilings and small windows of the room gave it a sombre, almost forbidding aspect. The walls were lined with antique book-cases, the shelves of which were filled with books in old-fashioned but expensive bindings; while here and there, from a niche in the wall, or from some obscure corner, a statue stared at you with a weird, ghastly look. Had I been in search of a fitting place in which to read "Faust" or "Macbeth," I should not have gone farther.

I had advanced only a step or two into the room when I saw a man sitting in a low arm-chair reading. He was so absorbed in his book, that I had an opportunity to observe him. I could see only his profile. This was regular, intellectual, and even *distingui*; but his forehead, although broad, was low, and there was something in the expression about his mouth that was any thing but pleasing. He seemed to me to be a man between thirty and thirty-five years of age. As I approached, he looked up. When he turned his full face toward me and arose, I was not a little surprised to find I had a youth not more than eighteen or nineteen years of age before me. He was the grandson of Mrs. Huntington. His small, misshaped, boyish figure contrasted strangely with his large head and serious expression of face; while evidences of ill-health were visible in his colorless cheeks and the nervousness of his manner. I was in doubt whether to address him as I would a boy or a man; but he quickly relieved me of the uncertainty by saying, in a manly tone, after the salutations that courtesy demanded:

"I directed the servant to show you into the library, sir, before you saw my grandmother, who, being quite aged and disliking business details, has asked me to make you acquainted with some of the particulars of the matter in which she is desirous of having your professional assistance."

I bowed, and waited for him to continue.

"You will find my grandmother quite an extraordinary woman, sir."

"I have heard much in Mrs. Huntington's praise," I replied.

"She is a woman of excellent judgment, sir, and it is not often that she requires the aid of an attorney. Her desire, at the moment, is to convey to my cousin Ellen, who is little more than a child, an estate sufficient to insure her against want—to make her independent, indeed. It is not, however, her wish to put my cousin in direct possession of the property, but to place it under the control of another for her benefit."

"Mrs. Huntington wishes to execute a deed of gift in favor of her granddaughter," I said.

"Something of that sort, I imagine; I am not very learned in the terminology of the law."

I could not help smiling at the extreme gravity of one so youthful, and at his manner of "holding forth;" and yet there was something about him that inspired me with a certain awe. "So old a head on so young shoulders," I said to myself. "I have never seen before."

I made all the necessary inquiries with regard to the wishes of his grandmother, noting every thing down carefully. This done, I was

presented to Mrs. Huntington. I found her a stately, distinguished-looking lady of the old school, possessing the art in an eminent degree of uniting true dignity with graceful cordiality.

I ran over the principal points of the matter in hand, as I had understood them from her grandson. She pronounced them correct, and thanked the youth for having saved her the trouble of stating them to me herself.

"He has a clear head, sir," said she, "and I love him all the more on account of his father, who was my first-born, and the last one I lost. His features are quite like his father's; but in figure he is much smaller. My son was a strong, robust man."

At this moment, the "child" to whom the estate was to be conveyed entered the room. She was a delicately-formed blonde of angelic beauty. There was something indescribably fascinating in the mild, radiant glance of her large blue eyes; but she seemed a tender plant, reared in the sunshine of abundance, and ill constituted to contend with the sterner realities of life. I thought I had never seen a woman so faultlessly beautiful. She glided across the room with a quick, elastic step, knelt beside her grandmother, and held up a basket of rare flowers, which she had arranged with great care and taste.

Her cousin, Stephen, immediately approached her, and said: "Won't you give me this rose, Ellen?" pointing to a large rose in the centre.

A nervous thrill seemed to run through her delicate frame as she replied, without looking up: "Why, Stephen, it would spoil the whole basket."

"Nonsense!" said he, at the same time pulling out the coveted flower.

Ellen arose without saying a word, placed the basket with its now disarranged contents on the table, and walked to a bow-window, where, although she was turned partially from me, I could see her lips quiver, and the tears in her beautiful eyes.

On my way home, I gave this little incident more thought than it would perhaps seem to merit. I believed it enabled me to judge very correctly of some, at least, of the leading characteristics of the two young people.

The deed I was commissioned to draw up conveyed to Ellen Debray, under the guardianship of her mother, a landed estate which was already very valuable, and bade fair, in a few years, to become much more so. The boundaries of this estate were apparently given very minutely in an old document that Stephen had handed me, and from which I was to take the description. This document purported to be a deed given to the father of Mrs. Huntington's deceased husband.

I followed the instructions that had been given me very carefully. Making a draft of the special conditions of the transfer, I gave it to one of my clerks to copy, handing him at the same time the old deed from which he was to take the description of the boundaries of the domain. The clerk remembered afterward calling the attention of his colleague to the fact that the ink of the old deed had almost destroyed the paper, which is nothing very unusual in old documents.

The deed was duly executed and recorded.

I had no occasion to visit Huntington Place again for some years, although Mrs. Huntington came occasionally, in the interim, to my office to consult me professionally. The venerable lady, in spite of her advanced age, enjoyed most excellent health until about four years after my first acquaintance with her, when, one day, she called and informed me that, in consequence of having felt her physical powers to fail very rapidly of late, she had determined, without further delay, to make an alteration she had long contemplated in her will, which she had brought with her.

As Ellen, her granddaughter, was amply provided for, she desired to add two clauses to her will. In the one she wished to make her grandson Stephen her sole heir; in the other, to leave a legacy of ten thousand dollars to her daughter, Mrs. Debray.

I added the clauses, and Mrs. Huntington signed them in the presence of myself and another witness.

I saw Mrs. Huntington that day for the last time. A few weeks afterward I followed her to her final resting-place. After I had seen her remains deposited in the family vault in the Dutch Reformed Church at M—, beside those of her husband, I was requested by the family to return to Huntington Place, and open her last will and testament. The three persons immediately interested in its provisions seemed content, except Ellen, whose beauty, now that she had arrived

at the full pride of womanhood, was truly dazzling. I had not seen her for four years, and was not a little surprised to witness the improvement in one whose physical charms I then thought the perfection of female beauty. Stephen was unchanged; he seemed no older than he did the day I first saw him in the sombre old library. The manner of the rich heir toward me was haughty, studied, and reticent. I had hardly finished reading the will when he gave me plainly to understand that my further services were not needed. I took my leave immediately.

I had, however, not gotten beyond the hall when Miss Ellen begged me to follow her into the reception-room.

"I hope you will pardon me for detaining you, sir," she began, in a hesitating tone; "but my mother and I need your counsel and advice at this important crisis in our affairs."

"I shall be most happy, Miss Debray," I replied, "to do you any service in my power."

"I am convinced of the kindness of your heart, sir. My dear departed grandmother had the utmost confidence, not only in your ability as a lawyer, but in your integrity as a man. She told me, in all matters of importance, to be guided by your advice. I must be candid with you, and tell you what, till now, you could not have known. From early childhood I have been wholly dependent on my grandmother, and have lived under her roof with my mother and my cousin Stephen. Stephen is a very different young man from what you suppose him—you smile. You gentlemen in the law have large opportunities for studying men. If you, however, suppose my cousin to be an honorable, conscientious young man, you are greatly in error."

"The opinion I formed of your cousin the first time I saw him was, I think, correct. I believe him to be very proud, very selfish, malicious, crafty, and overbearing. A little circumstance that occurred in my presence, when I was here four years ago, was to me a sufficient index to his character. You doubtless have forgotten his taking a rose out of a basket of flowers you had gathered for your grandmother, thereby disarranging the entire contents of the basket?"

"No; I remember the incident. Even to-day, I know not," Ellen continued, slightly blushing, "whether Stephen hates or loves me. His love is more to be feared than his hatred—he is so selfish. As for my mother, he has hated her from his childhood. She once caused him to receive a well-deserved punishment, and he has never forgotten it. She fears him now, and, I think, not without good reason. He will defraud her of her little legacy, if he can—indeed, I do not believe he would hesitate to take her life, were it not for the fear of discovery. I beg, sir, you will see she gets the few thousand dollars grandmother has left her. Small as the sum is, it will insure her against actual want, if my so-called estate should prove worthless."

"How, Miss Debray? Your estate is large and very valuable. You are rich."

"I don't know, sir; I am little acquainted with such matters. Stephen has already intimated to me that I and my mother will be beggars if I refuse to become his wife."

"He only wanted to frighten you. I myself drew up the deed. The property cannot be worth much less than half a million, for the day is not far distant when it will be reached by the rapidly-extending city limits."

"Others have told me so, too. But I fear—"

"Ellen!" cried a voice at this moment in the hall.

I stepped to the door, found Mrs. Debray and Stephen, and returned with them to the reception-room.

"I am glad to find you still here, sir," said Mrs. Debray. "Have the goodness to remain a little longer. Ellen, this gentleman, your cousin, has very improperly chosen this day to solicit from me your hand in marriage. It would have seemed to me more becoming had he waited until the remains of my mother had been in their grave one night at least. But it seems he is determined to be answered to-day, as he has given me clearly to understand that the only condition on which we can remain longer under this roof is the acceptance of his suit."

"No, madam; you exaggerate," interposed Stephen. "I did not say that."

"You said what amounted to the same thing, sir. Your answer, my daughter?"

"Stephen had my answer long ago, mother. But yours?"

"Your answer is mine, my child."

"Thanks, mamma. Stephen will not insist, I trust, on hearing a reply again he has already heard so often."

There was, at this moment, something diabolic in the expression of the little gray eyes of the misshapen young man; but he spoke like one long accustomed to self-control.

"Have you considered every thing sufficiently, my beautiful cousin? You give, it seems to me, very little thought to a matter of much importance."

"I have, during the last four years, considered your proposal, sir, in every possible aspect."

"Remember that I am rich, and that you choose indigence, want, misery, perhaps, instead of this luxurious home."

"My daughter is, thank Heaven, not poor, Stephen!" cried Mrs. Debray, and turning to me: "Am I not right, sir?"

"I think I can say confidently, madam, that Miss Ellen Debray is rich," I replied, having till now been a silent spectator of the scene. "I, some four years ago, as the attorney of the late Mrs. Huntington, drew up a deed that made Miss Debray the possessor of a valuable estate."

"True, I remember you were commissioned to draw up some such document," replied Stephen, with an ironical smile. "But I have also an indistinct recollection," he continued, in a sneering tone, "that by some accident it was destroyed, or that it contained some error that rendered it invalid, or something of the kind. My attorney assures me— However, jurists like doctors seldom agree."

"I have no desire to dispute with you, Stephen," said Mrs. Debray. "According to your grandmother's will, the horses and carriage are mine. Perhaps you will do us the favor to have them gotten ready immediately for us to drive to the city."

"Madam, I beg that—"

Ellen was about to leave the room, when Stephen stopped short in what he was going to say, and laid his hand on her shoulder—she shrank from him with a perceptible shudder.

"Ha! you shudder at the touch of my hand, do you, my beauty? By heavens! the day shall come when you will seek my hand as ardently as now I seek yours. Look me in the face, miss!"

At these words Stephen seized his cousin so rudely by the arm that she cried out with pain. I sprang forward, and seized the villain by the collar. He aimed a blow at me; the next moment he lay in one corner of the room, seriously hurt, as I thought. But he sprang quickly to his feet, fairly wild with rage.

I paid no more attention to him, but led the two ladies out of the room, and ordered a servant to bring out the carriage. This was quickly done, and we three drove rapidly to the city, followed by the blessings of the weeping servants.

On the way I asked Mrs. Debray where they proposed to alight. She mentioned the name of a friend with whom she proposed to remain until she could make some permanent arrangement.

The next day, at Mrs. Debray's request, I sent a young man with her servant to Huntington Place, for her effects and papers. They had no trouble in securing the effects, but Stephen refused to deliver the papers, contending that they were a part of his inheritance.

During the next six months I was more or less occupied with the interests of Mrs. Debray. I had recourse to the law, and succeeded in obtaining possession of a portion of the papers.

War was now openly declared between Stephen Huntington and his relations. For his legal adviser he employed a man wholly destitute of principle, who seconded and furthered his knavish designs, and scrupled at nothing to attain his ends.

The spring following the death of Mrs. Huntington, Stephen had a writ served on the tenants of Ellen's estate, enjoining them to pay their rent no longer to Mrs. Debray, as the guardian of her daughter, but to pay it to him or to his attorney.

I immediately waited on the attorney, to inquire into the cause of this proceeding. He replied by saying that the deed under which Miss Debray claimed the property was entirely worthless, inasmuch as no tract of land was therein described, and that he had been instructed to demand the rents for his client, the sole heir of the late Mrs. Huntington.

This communication astonished me not a little. I immediately took steps to ascertain to what extent it was true. To this end I employed a reliable surveyor, who returned from his mission to inform

me that the boundaries of the land as described in the deed were not to be found; furthermore, that the lines nowhere came together, and consequently did not enclose a single square foot of ground. Certain it was that nothing like the boundaries of "Upland Farm," the estate which till now had been in good faith considered the property of Miss Debray, were described in the deed.

This was a heavy blow. Had the venerable Mrs. Huntington deceived her granddaughter? Impossible! She herself had been deceived by the old document from which the description in the deed had been taken. Be this, however, as it might, it was my painful duty to break the terrible intelligence to my two amiable clients, that they were poor; that, instead of having more than enough of this world's goods, grim, relentless poverty stared them in the face, for the major part of Mrs. Debray's legacy of ten thousand dollars had been consumed in furnishing her house. The remainder, safely invested, did not yield but about three hundred dollars a year—an income insufficient to supply simple necessities. With a heavy heart I set out on my errand.

Both mother and daughter received the intelligence much more calmly than I anticipated. They hoped to be able to add to their little income by honorable toil. Ellen said she had long been prepared for such a misfortune. "Stephen announced his triumph in advance," she added. "He was always cautious, and never undertook any thing until he was sure of success."

"Always, with one exception, Miss Debray," said I, smiling.

"You are right, sir," she replied, slightly confused. "Nevertheless, I am convinced he is to-day more than ever persuaded that I will ultimately yield. But, if I am compelled to work with these hands till they bleed, he shall never touch them; no, not even with the ends of his fingers."

As she said this she was superbly beautiful, while there was in her manner an evidence of more character than I had supposed she possessed.

"Excellent, Ellen!" cried at this moment a voice I had never heard before, and the speaker stepped forward from a retired corner of the room, where I had not noticed him. "Capital! Now that you are as poor as I am, I can demand it as my right to become your protector.—I beg your pardon, sir," said he, turning to me. "I see I shall have to introduce myself. My name is John Taylor; I am first mate of the good ship 'Columbia,' and have the honor to be fifth or sixth cousin—I don't know exactly which—to Mrs. and Miss Debray."

He was a handsome young man of about twenty-eight, tall and symmetric, with a frank, generous expression of countenance, that inspired confidence at a glance. He had rather the appearance of a country gentleman than of a seaman. His manners were easy and graceful, and gave evidence of good-breeding, while it was apparent from his conversation that his education had not been neglected. His eyes were particularly handsome, full of soul and vivacity. I felt myself drawn toward him from the first moment, and grasped his proffered hand as eagerly as I would have done had he been an old acquaintance. A glance at Ellen told me that John Taylor had found the way to her heart also. She looked up at him, smiled, and reached him her hand.

"Confess frankly, Miss Debray," said I, much pleased with the scene, for my anxiety with regard to the future of the two ladies had suddenly disappeared, "confess frankly to your old attorney that this young gentleman is much more nearly related to you than he just stated."

"I will not deny, sir, that I am always more pleased to see John Taylor than any other man in the world; you, yourself, sir, not excepted!" she replied, with a bewitching, roguish smile.

John, greatly pleased, kissed her hand, and then said:

"As for this Stephen, our estimable cousin, I will break his neck, or at least give him a good caning."

"Oh, fie, John!" remonstrated Ellen. "He is a poor, weak cripple."

"True, I remember you told me so before. A cripple! Poor devil! That alone prevents my taking the law into my own hands and giving him a sound thrashing. There are cases where I think such a proceeding is justifiable, and this is one of them.—Would you believe, sir, that during the past three years—since I made the acquaintance of Mrs. Debray and my charming little cousin here—I have been at least a dozen times at Huntington Place, without ever laying

eyes on this Stephen! The rascal always crept out of the way; he seemed to scent me from a distance."

After an hour spent in pleasant conversation I left the house, with a lighter heart than I had entered it. John Taylor, the noble young seaman, had quieted my fears with regard to the future of my two clients. I saw him often during the next few days, and was more and more convinced every time I met him of his sterling worth and the nobility of his character.

The affair of the deed, in the mean time, gave me no peace; day and night it occupied my thoughts. I considered the subject in all its bearings, and finally decided, although I saw little hope of success, to take the case in hand, and follow it up so long as there was any possibility of reinstating my clients in their rights.

It was an inexplicable fact that the supposed description of the boundary lines of Upland Farm was contained in the old document from which I had it copied. That my clerk had made any mistake was not possible, for I was in the habit of carefully comparing such descriptions myself before the papers left my office, and in this instance I distinctly remembered having done so. The description in the two papers I knew therefore to be verbatim the same. What was to be done? I could not decide, still I was resolved to do something.

One day the daughter of my old housekeeper, who had died three years before in my service, came to my office. Fanny was an excellent girl, well-bred and good-looking, now in her twentieth or twenty-first year. She had been a great favorite in my family, but when her mother died she thought it would ultimately result to her advantage to accept a home offered her by some relations, and so of late we had seen but little of her. She came now to interest me in behalf of her betrothed, who was in prison.

"He is unjustly accused of forgery, sir. Would it not be terrible for him to be convicted, when he is innocent?"

"Certainly, Fanny!" said I; "but first tell me who he is."

"He kept a school, sir, and we were going to be married this summer, but three weeks ago he was accused of making some false papers, and arrested. They say he has signed the name of some one else to I don't know how many papers. He is in prison and sick; indeed, he has not been at all well for the last year. But I am sure he would soon recover if he was out of prison and cleared of this terrible suspicion."

I promised her to do all in my power, and went that evening to see the prisoner. His cell was certainly not a fit place for a man to be in who was in the last stages of consumption, as he evidently was.

"Poor child!" I said to myself, as I thought of Fanny. "Your warm, young heart refuses to admit the thought that your betrothed will soon have to appear before a higher than any earthly tribunal. Like all youthful lovers, you refuse to see any thing but the silver linings. This complication of crime, imprisonment, and approaching death, is not sufficient to rob you of hope and courage!"

The prisoner was a man about thirty years of age, with a thin, pale face; a high, clear forehead; a dark, restless eye, and a firm lip, that bespoke the man of character.

"Fanny sends me to you," said I, after having told him my name and profession. "You may be sure that I hope we shall be able to establish—"

"There is no room for hope, sir," said he, interrupting me in a firm tone. "The proof against me is complete and incontrovertible. I must confess to you, sir, as my legal adviser, that I am guilty."

I was astonished. "Fanny assured me to the contrary," said I.

"Poor girl! I did not dare to tell her the truth. No, no! I have not long to live, but, living and dead, she must think me guiltless. Do for me what you can, sir; not on my account, but on Fanny's. I would not add another to the bitter sorrows I have already caused her. It was on her account I committed the crime; blind fool that I was, I had to choose between her and independence, and her loss and poverty. I chose; risked all, and—here I am to-day."

Under such circumstances I could do but little for my unfortunate client. When he appeared in court he was so weak he could scarcely make himself heard. His story was short, but calculated to excite deep sympathy. He had been a poor but honest teacher, had made the acquaintance of Fanny, and had learned to love her. Their prospects, though modest, seemed to justify their hopes of happiness, but he was induced to speculate in town lots, and thereby

became involved in monetary difficulties. To gain a respite from the importunities of his creditors he committed forgery, hoping and believing that he should soon be able to effect so advantageous a sale of some lots as to enable him to take up the forged papers before their character would be detected. Fate willed it should be otherwise.

His arrest fell like a thunder-bolt on poor Fanny, but she was as true as only a woman knows how to be. She never left his side during the trial, which, however, was short. It was impossible for me to elicit any thing to his advantage from the witnesses, knowing as I did that they spoke the truth. The criminal sat an apparently indifferent spectator of the scene. He occasionally whispered a few words, either to me or to Fanny, but was perfectly calm and self-possessed. The most I could do was to bring proof that my client's antecedents were unexceptionable. I placed men of the highest respectability on the stand, who spoke of him in the most favorable terms. The attorney for the commonwealth said he was willing the prisoner's good name should be considered to his advantage. As my last witness, I called Fanny to the stand.

This was hard, it is true, but it was the surest way of exciting the sympathies of the jury. The touching evidences she gave of her unselfish love for the criminal, of her ardent devotion to his welfare, and of her unshaken belief in his innocence, moved even the stony-hearted judge.

When I finished my address to the jury, I observed that my client was deeply agitated. The death-like pallor of his face had something in it that alarmed me. After the jury had retired, he came over to me, and said in a weak and broken tone:

"I see, sir, that in spite of every thing I have not entirely forfeited your good opinion. I thank you. I feel greatly exhausted, and the suspense of waiting for the decision of the jury is terrible. I do not feel this so much on my own account, but I tremble for that poor girl there. The 'guilty' of the jury will break her young heart. Will you not promise me, sir"—and the big, manly tears rolled down his colorless cheeks—"will you not promise me, sir, to befriend her? I shall never taste the sweets of liberty again."

"I promise you that Fanny shall never know what it is to want, if she will make my house her home," I replied.

"God bless you, sir! You have the thanks of my inmost heart. Don't think me altogether bad. I had a hard struggle before I could bring myself to do as I have done. My uppermost thought was to make Fanny happy. How sadly I have failed in my object! Ah, why must that youth discover my fatal facility in imitating the handwriting of others?"

"What youth?" I asked.

"One of my former scholars. Some five years ago, when my income was very small, he came to me one day, said he remembered what a beautiful hand I wrote, and asked if I would do some copying for him. I readily consented. He had me copy a great variety of documents of one kind and another. I could never imagine why he wished me to copy the handwriting as well as the matter; he, however, paid well, and I asked no questions. In the course of a few weeks I became so expert that after a little practice I was able to counterfeit any handwriting given me. Finally he brought me an old, and, as he said, valueless document, that was or had been the deed of a piece of land somewhere on Manhattan Island, if I remember rightly. This I was to transcribe so exactly that the copy should have in all particulars the appearance of the original. To this end he furnished me with some old paper discolored by age, and a peculiar ink. The description of the lands he had me alter in the copy, but in every other respect the copy was like the original."

"What was his object?" I asked.

"He said the whole thing was only a jest."

"A suspicious-looking jest," I replied.

"I had no reason for suspecting him of any thing wrong."

"And what was the name of this young man?" I asked, no longer able to control my curiosity.

"Stephen Huntington," he replied, in an almost inaudible tone, and staggered back to his seat completely exhausted.

Now the mystery in regard to the deed was solved. But my joy at the discovery was only momentary. A little reflection told me that the sole witness against Stephen was a man who at most had but a few weeks to live; besides, the brand of a felon would soon be upon him, which would materially lessen the weight his testimony would

otherwise have. Under such circumstances, what good was likely to come of the discovery?

The jury, it seemed, could not agree on a verdict. The day drew to a close, and still they did not come in.

The spectators had nearly all left the court-room. I persuaded Fanny to go home to my house, promising that she should know the verdict of the jury as soon as it was announced. As she went she glanced sorrowfully at her betrothed, who had leaned his head against the back of the seat, and seemed to have fallen into a doze.

At last, just as the lamps in the hall were being lighted, the jury came in. The verdict was "Guilty!" but they all joined in a recommendation of mercy.

I glanced at my client, who had now fallen a little forward. Not the least sign of agitation was visible in his features. An officer of the court approached him, and laid his hand on his shoulder. He did not move. The officer shook him. Still he was motionless. He already stood before a higher tribunal—he was dead.

The effect this unexpected event produced on me and all present it would not be easy to describe. The judge adjourned the court with some very eloquent and feeling remarks.

Fanny found a home in my house. We looked on her as one of the family, and she made herself not only useful but almost indispensable. I told her that death overtook her betrothed before the jury agreed, that consequently no verdict had been rendered, and the question of his guilt or innocence remained undecided. She never learned any thing to the contrary, and it was a great consolation to her to think her lover was not found guilty. She remained true to his memory, but outlived him only a few years.

The sudden death of the prisoner destroyed my plans with regard to reinstating Miss Ellen in the possession of Upland Farm. If he had only lived until I could have gotten his affidavit, I might have frightened the villanous Stephen into an advantageous compromise.

However, as I now had the key to the mystery, I was more determined than ever that my fair clients should not be defrauded of what was justly theirs, if any exertion of mine could prevent it.

After mature deliberation, after weighing all the chances, I came to the conclusion, however, that nothing but a *ruse* would accomplish the desired end. It was necessary that a comedy should be played, which should deceive everybody, and, above all, Stephen Huntington. My plan was soon arranged.

At first I took a young lawyer named Bergwald—a German by birth—into my confidence. He was but a child when he came to this country, and was consequently essentially an American. I knew his great love of justice, and that I could rely on his discretion. He readily entered into my plans.

Now it was necessary to secure the services of John Taylor, the seaman, for to him I proposed to intrust the principal part in the contemplated comedy. As I expected, his aversion to any thing like deception made him hesitate to become a party to a scheme that was not open and above-board. I represented to him that it was not alone to establish his mistress in her rights, but also to expose a villain and hold him up to the obloquy of the world. He finally accepted the rôle I had assigned him.

Besides these two honest young men, no one—not even Miss Ellen or her mother—was for the present to know any thing of my plan.

According to the programme we had arranged, John met me, one afternoon, a few days afterward, in front of the Astor House, when he fell upon me like a maniac, accused me of having not only neglected the interests of my clients, large as the fees were I had received, but of having been bribed by the other party. He heaped upon me the most insulting epithets, called me every thing that is vile, and finally seized me by the collar, and would apparently have given me a caning, if he had not been prevented by the crowd that had gathered round us. At this juncture two policemen fortunately interfered, and marched the infuriated John off. As he was being urged forward by the two officers of the law, he called out to me, that if I wanted any thing of him or his relations I could apply to their attorney, Mr. Bergwald, and further, that I would do well not to let him get hold of me again. He had done his part to my entire satisfaction. The elder Booth never seemed more thoroughly in earnest on a mimic Bosworth field.

I took care that the incident should be well ventilated in the morning papers, with becoming reportorial exaggeration, and the next

day I entered a complaint against my assailant, who was, of course, defended by Bergwald.

As John's vessel was about to make a voyage to the West Indies, he was allowed to give bail and accompany her. Before sailing he placed a sufficient sum out of his savings at the disposal of Mrs. Debray, to insure her against want during his absence. He hoped—and his hopes were realized—that after this voyage he would be advanced to the command of his vessel, which would justify his marrying on his return.

Mrs. Debray and Miss Ellen were horrified when they heard what had transpired between John and myself. The very day he sailed, they wrote me begging that I would forgive the wrong he had done me, and that I would be their friend in the future as in the past. They even promised that John on his return should make me public reparation.

I replied in a very cold tone; told them that I had no hard feeling toward them on account of the ill-treatment received at the hands of their relative, but that I felt it due myself that I should break off all further connection with them, and, so far as Mr. Taylor was concerned, let the law take its course.

At the same time I took occasion to make some ironical remarks about their new attorney, who only a few years previous had been one of my clerks.

Mrs. Debray then made an effort to see me at my office; but I had myself excused in not very courteous terms, and took care that this circumstance should also be known.

When Bergwald made his first visit to his new clients, the reception he received was any thing but cordial; he had the tact, however, to win their favor and induce them to accept him as their legal adviser. Now he boasted everywhere that he would take the interests of Miss Debray, which had been so shamefully, so unaccountably neglected by his predecessor—by me, namely—in hand, and quickly re-instate the young lady in her rights. At the same time he would make indirect allusions to a certain recent criminal process that had a very unexpected and abrupt end. I had learned in the mean time that Stephen evinced great interest in the trial of the schoolmaster—out of sympathy, as he said, for one who had been his teacher. He little dreamed of the disclosure the criminal had made to me the last day of his life. The mysterious hints of Bergwald were intended, of course, to arouse his fears.

The comedy, thus far, had been well played, and the curtain could fall on the first act. Now, it remained to be seen whether our performance was to meet with the coveted reward. My days and nights, for some time, were spent in almost feverish suspense; not the faintest sign of success manifested itself.

Finally, one morning, just as I had finished my breakfast, about six weeks after the memorable street-scene, a servant handed me the card of Mr. Stephen Huntington, and said the gentleman wished to see me on very particular business. I could have danced with joy. Nevertheless, I told the servant to say to the gentleman that my experience with the Huntington family had been of such a nature as to leave me no desire to enter into any relation whatever with any one of its members, no matter which one.

This was a hazardous venture; but it was necessary. It seemed to me the servant was never going to return; my anxiety made the minutes seem long. Finally, back he came, with a few lines written in Latin. There are few lawyers with whom their contents would not have secured an interview. Summoning up all my *sang-froid* and powers of dissimulation, I repaired to the reception-room where Stephen anxiously awaited me.

His manner was warm and hearty; I was cold and reticent. After assuring me that, after what had transpired, he could but think my aversion for the Huntington family was very natural, he begged I would make an exception in his favor. He regretted he had not sooner learned to appreciate me. My able defence of his unfortunate friend and teacher had convinced him I was not less conscientious than capable. He said he had always been perfectly satisfied with my management of his grandmother's affairs, and desired nothing more than to retain me in his interest, although I had of late been his opponent. The manner in which I had been treated, he continued, must have convinced me what kind of people—meaning his aunt and cousin—I had been trying to serve. It seemed to him also that it would be to my advantage, and could not be other than agreeable to me, to oppose this coarse, bombastic Bergwald, who had had the audacity to begin a

suit against him. And, finally, he offered me an unusually large fee, if I would become his principal legal adviser.

I listened attentively, without interrupting him. When he had finished, I said that what he proposed seemed acceptable, but that I must think of my reputation—that I feared it would injure me to publicly espouse a cause I had till now opposed.

As I anticipated, he met my scruples with so many plausible arguments that I was induced to yield. I thought it advisable, in the course of our conversation, to intimate that I was somewhat embarrassed in money matters, and to accept an advance of two thousand dollars he volunteered to offer me. By this little stroke, I rose visibly in the villain's confidence.

I brought out a bottle of brandy and some cigars, and we sat down to sketch our plan of defence against Bergwald and his two clients. The liquor soon made Stephen confidential, even to indiscretion, for he half confessed what he supposed was new to me—that he was a forger. With a promise that I would see him the following day at Huntington Place, I concealed my loathing for the fellow, and parted from him with as much cordiality of manner as I would have done had he been an old friend.

I was punctual in keeping my appointment. The reception he gave me was cordial in the extreme. Before proceeding to business, we took a substantial lunch, during which I succeeded in getting the villain's entire confidence by pretending to be under the influence of his old port, and telling him of incidents and circumstances in my career that I had imagined for this express purpose, and which made me appear to be none other than the most accomplished of rogues. I went, in my enthusiasm, so far—I have never fully forgiven myself for it—as to express a doubt with regard to the honesty of Mrs. Debray and her daughter. The end justifies the means, I thought. I attained my object fully. The wretch gave me his entire confidence, and recounted with a genuine Mephistophelian chuckle what I already knew.

My entire hope of success was based on the common experience of the jurists of all ages—that criminals of Stephen Huntington's class have a mania for preserving the evidences of their crimes. After Stephen had confessed his villany to me, I asked:

"But, my boy, you took the precaution to destroy the spurious deed, I hope?"

"Not I," he replied. "What for? It affords me peculiar pleasure to have in my possession a document the existence of which, if known to my opponents, would be my ruin, perhaps. But they don't dream of such a thing, which is the most amusing part of it."

Again, as the day previous, I was almost beside myself with joy; but I controlled myself, and, shaking my head, said, with a serious mien:

"See here, my dear fellow, so long as I know that this fatal document is in existence, I cannot undertake to fight these two women with any certainty of success. Their counsel, Bergwald, is a cunning, long-headed dog—I know him. I shall not feel that we are safe until I know that no evidence against us exists. The forged deed must be destroyed. Not a step will I take in the matter so long as it is in existence."

"You are right, old fellow; you are right," replied Stephen, rising with difficulty. "Come along; we'll burn it."

He led the way to the library, where he opened a secret drawer in a new desk—the only piece of new furniture the room contained—and took out two documents, both exactly alike in appearance, and seemingly old.

"Here they are, both of them," said he; "the genuine original and the schoolmaster's copy. A clever hound he was! You see which is the one to burn, while I get a light."

While he got a candle and lighted it, I satisfied myself that the documents were what he represented them. As he came toward me with the burning candle, I put them both into my breast-pocket, gave him a push that sent him headlong on the floor, slammed the door behind me, jumped into my carriage, and told my coachman to drive to town, which he, having been previously instructed, did at a rapid rate.

I drove immediately to Bergwald, and handed him the two papers, for I wanted to let him have the honor of reinstating the beautiful Ellen in her rights. But that was not to be; the affair was destined to have a much more abrupt termination than it could have had by process of law.

It seemed that Stephen, when he saw that all was lost, in his frenzy and despair, rather than live to see his villainy exposed, lost no time in putting an end to his existence. At a late hour in the day, he was found dead in his room, with a wound in the neck that had severed the jugular vein.

As Stephen died intestate, the entire estate fell to the nearest heirs—to Mrs. Debray and her daughter.

Early the following morning, Bergwald received the news of the death of my client. He informed me immediately, and I started to communicate the intelligence to Mrs. Debray and her daughter, and also to acquaint them with the deception we had practised on them, as well as on everybody else. I was as much pleased as surprised to find John Taylor at their house—now Captain John Taylor—who had returned, the evening before, from Havana.

After astonishing the ladies by the cordiality of our meeting, I astonished them still more by giving them a circumstantial account of our little comedy, winding up by informing all three of my auditors of the final catastrophe. On this occasion, I received a kiss from Miss Debray, which made neither stalwart John nor my little wife jealous, for we all remained the best of friends for many years afterward.

Four weeks from that day, Miss Debray became Mrs. John Taylor. We celebrated their nuptials at Huntington Place, and, the next morning, drove over to Upland Farm, the exact location of which was now very easy to determine.

GIUSEPPE DOLSI

GIUSEPPE DOLSI is simply a baker in the *Borgo San Lorenzo*, near the Dome, in Florence.

He bakes most excellent bread, and salts it, which is not the usual custom in Italy; he also makes equally good macaroni, vermicelli, etc., and sits the whole day long in his little office in the back part of his *bottega*.

This office is about half as large as an ordinary horse-stall, contains a small desk, and a chair on which there is just room enough for a man; and on the chair sits such a man as is not to be found in Plutarch.

Giuseppe Dolsi, together with many others, owes his first honors and influence to a power no less considerable than the former Tuscan government, which, as early as 1853, honored his premises with a search-warrant. They found, however, nothing. Two years later the experiment was repeated, and this time with better success. They found a treasurable bread-form, and Dolsi got two months of close confinement. In 1857, also, in consequence of the Livorno demonstration, the state took charge of his person for eighteen days. Naturally this repeated martyrdom, mild as it was, added to our valiant baker's popularity. Not only his equals, the people of the lower orders, saw in him their hero and apostle, but the aristocracy recognized in him a man equal to the exigencies of the times, who was not to be despised.

When the political troubles of the spring of 1859 broke out, Giuseppe Dolsi was one of the council of patriot leaders. He assumed the duties of chief of the executive. In a few hours he collected twelve thousand men, and at their head made the declaration that, in the opinion of the people, the Grand-duke Leopold II. was a superfluity, that Italian unity could be more easily established without him, and therefore the sooner he emigrated the greater the obligation.

To no purpose were negotiations undertaken by the court with the baker. He was immovable, answering every argument with—

"*Fuori ail granduca!*" Away with the grand-duke.

Nevertheless the grand-duke continued to tarry until Dolsi sent him word that he hoped he would not be compelled to make him a visit at the head of his twelve thousand men.

This intimation was sufficient. The grand-duke left the country.

Without being molested or even insulted, the brother-in-law of the King of Naples drove through the crowded streets, and with good-natured irony saluted the populace with:

"*A rivedersi!*" (*Au revoir*.)

Dolsi cried in reply: "*Non s'incomodi!*" (Don't put yourself out of the way.)

On the occasion, also, of the disturbances in Florence, after the sudden peace of Villafranca, the baker of San Lorenzo was one of the

few who did not lose their heads. The city was entirely stripped of its military, the troops, under Prince Napoleon, having been marched "just a little too late" for the scene of action.

Four hundred muskets were all the available arms left in the city. Dolsi put them into the hands of four hundred of his partisans, who, under his judicious direction, preserved perfect order in the capital. These four hundred men subsequently formed the nucleus of the Florentine National Guard, which has done so much honor to the city.

At the time of Garibaldi's landing in Sicily, Dolsi's popularity shone in still more brilliant colors. At that time subscriptions were opened all over Italy. Dolsi appointed himself a committee of one to receive contributions. With sous out of the hard hands of the people his treasury was filled, until the sum of these little offerings amounted to one hundred and sixty-two thousand francs. He ordered such stores as were most needed by the patriot army, paying cash on delivery, at his little office, and the contractors, on receiving their money, returned to him their gains, saying: "You make no profit, Giuseppe, we will make none either."

And each time, his duties to the state being done, he returned to his bread and macaroni.

Victor Emanuel could not let such a man go unnoticed and unrewarded; and so, suddenly, one morning when the king was in Florence, it was announced in the *Monitore Toscano* that his majesty had designed to make Giuseppe Dolsi a knight of the holy Mauritius and Lazarus.

Great was the astonishment of the Arno-Athenians, and still greater that of Dolsi.

He immediately wrote a letter to the king, and he writes as well as many of his more cultivated countrymen. The letter dispatched, he is seized with impatience, he dons his best suit, repairs to the palace, asks for an audience, and is admitted.

"Sire," said he, to the king, "why have you done this? Such honors are not for me. What use can I make of them?"

The king, smiling, replied: "Signor Dolsi, you have rendered the state great service. I know what you have done and what you have prevented. I have no other means of rewarding your great merits."

"You destroy my influence," said Dolsi, "you ruin my position among my fellow-citizens, you make me ridiculous, sire. Take the decoration back."

"You are right," rejoined the king; "in your place I would do just as you do."

"Why, then," asked Dolsi, "why did you make me a cavalier?"

The king, much impressed by Dolsi's appearance and manner, asked: "Can I, in any other way, be of service to you?"

"Sire," said the sturdy patriot, "the greatest favor you can do me is to use your best endeavors to secure Italian unity."

The king smiled, and, giving the *popolano* his hand, said: "I promise to do all in my power."

How far the San Lorenzo baker's dream has been realized, is known to every reader of current history.

As for Dolsi's personal appearance, he is an unusually tall, handsome, strongly-built man of fifty-three, with a very commanding mien and a stentorian voice. His expression is frank and benevolent, but his steady glance and firm lip denote the man who can speak the right word at the right moment. In short, he possesses, in an eminent degree, those qualities of mind and person necessary to a great leader.

And the world is wont to call this a degenerate people, incapable of keeping their place in the grand march of civilization—these Italians, who produce such men as Giuseppe Dolsi, the baker of Borgo San Lorenzo!

HUMANITY TO ANIMALS AMONG THE PAGANS, AND IN THE EARLY CHURCH.

FROM LECKY'S "HISTORY OF EUROPEAN MORALS."

BEFORE dismissing the saints of the desert, there is one other class of legends to which I desire to advert. I mean those which describe the connection between saints and the animal world. These legends are, I think, worthy of special notice in moral history, as representing probably the first, and at the same time one of the most striking, efforts ever made in Christendom, to inculcate a feeling

of kindness and pity toward the brute creation. In Pagan antiquity, considerable steps had been made to raise this form of humanity to a recognized branch of ethics. The way had been prepared by numerous anecdotes growing for the most part out of simple ignorance of natural history, which all tended to diminish the chasm between men and animals, by representing the latter as possessing to a very high degree both moral and rational qualities. Elephants, it was believed, were endowed, not only with reason and benevolence, but also with reverential feelings. They worshipped the sun and moon, and in the forests of Mauritania were accustomed to assemble every new moon, at a certain river, to perform religious rites. The hippopotamus taught men the medicinal value of bleeding, being accustomed, when affected by plethory, to bleed itself with a thorn, and afterward close the wound with slime. Pelicans committed suicide to feed their young; and also bees, when they had broken the laws of their sovereign. A temple was erected at Sestos to commemorate the affection of an eagle which loved a young girl, and upon her death cast itself in despair into the flames by which her body was consumed. Numerous anecdotes are related of faithful dogs which refused to survive their masters, and one of these had, it was said, been transformed into the dog-star. The dolphin, especially, became the subject of many beautiful legends, and its affection for its young, for music, and, above all, for little children, excited the admiration, not only of the populace, but of the most distinguished naturalists. Many philosophers also ascribed to animals a rational soul, like that of man. According to the Pythagoreans, human souls transigrate after death into animals. According to the Stoics and others, the souls of men and animals were alike parts of the all-pervading divine spirit that animates the world.

We may even find traces from an early period of a certain measure of legislative protection for animals. By a very natural process, the ox, as a principal agent in agriculture, and therefore a kind of symbol of civilization, was in many different countries regarded with a peculiar reverence. The sanctity attached to it in Egypt is well known. That tenderness to animals, which is one of the most beautiful features in the Old-Testament writings, shows itself, among other ways, in the command not to muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn, or to yoke together the ox and the ass. Among the early Romans, the same feeling was carried so far, that for a long time it was actually a capital offence to slaughter an ox, that animal being pronounced, in a special sense, the fellow-laborer of man. A similar law is said to have, in early times, existed in Greece. The beautiful passage in which the Psalmist describes how the sparrow could find a shelter and a home in the altar of the temple, was as applicable to Greece as to Jerusalem. The sentiment of Xenocrates, who, when a bird pursued by a hawk took refuge in his breast, caressed and finally released it, saying to his disciples that a good man should never give up a suppliant, was believed to be shared by the gods, and it was regarded as an act of impiety to disturb the birds who had built their nests beneath the porticos of the temple. A case is related of a child who was even put to death on account of an act of aggravated cruelty to birds.

The general tendency of nations, as they advance from a rude and warlike to a refined and peaceful condition, from the stage in which the realizing powers are faint and dull to those in which they are sensitive and vivid, is undoubtedly to become more gentle and humane in their actions; but this, like all other general tendencies in history, may be counteracted or modified by many special circumstances. The law I have mentioned about oxen was obviously one of those that belong to a very early stage of progress, when legislators are laboring to form agricultural habits among a warlike and nomadic people. The games in which the slaughter of animals bore so large a part, having been introduced but a little before the extinction of the republic, did very much to arrest or retard the natural progress of humane sentiments. In ancient Greece, besides the bull-fights of Thessaly, the combats of quails and cocks were favorite amusements, and were much encouraged by the legislators, as furnishing examples of valor to the soldiers. The colossal dimensions of the Roman games, the circumstances that favored them, and the overwhelming interest they speedily excited, I have described in a former chapter. We have seen, however, that, notwithstanding the gladiatorial shows, the standard of humanity toward men was considerably raised during the empire. It is also well worthy of notice that, notwithstanding the passion for the combats of wild beasts, Roman literature and the later literature of the nations subject to Rome abound in delicate touches displaying in a very high degree a sensitiveness to the feelings of the

animal world. This tender interest in animal life is one of the most distinctive features of the poetry of Virgil. Lucretius, who rarely struck the chords of pathos, had at a still earlier period drawn a very beautiful picture of the sorrows of the bereaved cow, whose calf had been sacrificed upon the altar. Plutarch mentions, incidentally, that he could never bring himself to sell, in its old age, the ox which had served him faithfully in the time of its strength. Ovid expressed a similar sentiment with an almost equal emphasis. Juvenal speaks of a Roman lady with her eyes filled with tears on account of the death of a sparrow. Apollonius of Tyana, on the ground of humanity, refused, even when invited by a king, to participate in the chase. Arrian, the friend of Epictetus, in his book upon coursing, anticipated the beautiful picture which Addison has drawn of the huntsman refusing to sacrifice the life of the captured hare which had given him so much pleasure in its flight.

These touches of feeling, slight as they may appear, indicate, I think, a vein of sentiment such as we should scarcely have expected to find coexisting with the gigantic slaughter of the amphitheatre. The progress, however, was not simply one of sentiment—it was also shown in distinct and definite teaching. Pythagoras and Empedocles were quoted as the founders of this branch of ethics. The moral duty of kindness to animals was in the first instance based upon a dogmatic assertion of the transmigration of souls, and the doctrine that animals are within the circle of human duty, being thus laid down, subsidiary considerations of humanity were alleged. The rapid growth of the Pythagorean school, in the latter days of the empire, made these considerations familiar to the people. Porphyry elaborately advocated, and even Seneca for a time practiced abstinence from flesh. But the most remarkable figure in this movement is unquestionably Plutarch. Casting aside the dogma of transmigration, or at least speaking of it only as a doubtful conjecture, he places the duty of kindness to animals on the broad ground of the affections, and he urges that duty with an emphasis and a detail to which no adequate parallel can, I believe, be found in the Christian writings for at least seventeen hundred years. He condemns absolutely the games of the amphitheatres, dwells with great force upon the effect of such spectacles in hardening the character, enumerates in detail, and denounces with unqualified energy, the refined cruelties which gastronomic fancies had produced, and asserts in the strongest language that every man has duties to the animal world as truly as to his fellow-men.

If we now pass to the Christian Church, we shall find that little or no progress was at first made in this sphere. Among the Manicheans, it is true, the mixture of Oriental notions was shown in an absolute prohibition of animal food, and abstinence from this food was also frequently practised upon totally different grounds by the orthodox. One or two of the Fathers have also mentioned with approbation the humane councils of the Pythagoreans. But, on the other hand, the doctrine of transmigration was emphatically repudiated by the Catholics; the human race was isolated, by the scheme of redemption, more than ever from all other races; and in the range and circle of duties inculcated by the early Fathers those to animals had no place. This is indeed the one form of humanity which appears more prominently in the Old Testament than in the New. The many beautiful traces of it in the former, which indicate a sentiment, even where they do not very strictly define a duty, gave way before an ardent philanthropy which regarded human interests as the one end, and the relations of man to his Creator as the one question of life, and dismissed somewhat contemptuously, as an idle sentimentalism, notions of duty to animals. A refined and subtle sympathy with animal feeling is indeed rarely found among those who are engaged very actively in the affairs of life, and it was not without a meaning or a reason that Shakespeare placed that exquisitely pathetic analysis of the sufferings of the wounded stag, which is perhaps its most perfect poetical expression, in the midst of the morbid dreamings of the diseased and melancholy Jacques.

But while what are called the rights of animals had no place in the ethics of the Church, a feeling of sympathy with the irrational creation was in some degree inculcated indirectly by the incidents of the hagiology. It was very natural that the hermit, living in the lonely deserts of the East, or in the vast forests of Europe, should come into an intimate connection with the animal world, and it was no less natural that the popular imagination, when depicting the hermit life, should make this connection the centre of many picturesque and sometimes touching legends. The birds, it was said, stooped in their

flight at the old man's call; the lion and the hyena crouched submissively at his feet; his heart, which was closed to all human interests, expanded freely at the sight of some suffering animal; and something of his own sanctity descended to the companions of his solitude and the objects of his miracles. The wild beasts attended St. Theon when he walked abroad, and the saint rewarded them by giving them drink out of his well. An Egyptian hermit had made a beautiful garden in the desert, and used to sit beneath the palm-trees while a lion eat fruit from his hand. When St. Pemen was shivering in a winter night, a lion crouched beside him, and became his covering. Lions buried St. Paul the hermit and St. Mary of Egypt. They appear in the legends of St. Jerome, St. Gerasimus, St. John the Silent, St. Simeon, and many others. When an old and feeble monk, named Zosimas, was on his journey to Cesarea, with an ass which bore his possessions, a lion seized and devoured the ass, but, at the command of the

saint, the lion itself carried the burden to the city gates. St. Helenus called a wild ass from its herd to bear his burden through the wilderness. The same saint, as well as St. Pachomius, crossed the Nile on the back of a crocodile, as St. Scuthinus did the Irish Channel on a sea-monster. Stags continually accompanied saints upon their journeys, bore their burdens, ploughed their fields, revealed their relics. The hunted stag was especially the theme of many picturesque legends. A pagan, named Branchion, was once pursuing an exhausted stag, when it took refuge in a cavern, whose threshold no inducement could persuade the hounds to cross. The astonished hunter entered, and found himself in presence of an old hermit, who at once protected the fugitive and converted the pursuer. In the legends of St. Eustachius and St. Hubert, Christ is represented as having assumed the form of a hunted stag, which turned upon its pursuer, with a crucifix glitter-

ing on its brow, and addressing him with a human voice, converted him to Christianity. In the full frenzy of a chase, hounds and stags stopped and knelt down together to venerate the relics of St. Fingar. On the festival of St. Regulus, the wild stags assembled at the tomb of the saint, as the ravens used to do at that of St. Apollinar of Ravenna. St. Erasmus was the special protector of oxen, and they knelt down voluntarily before his shrine. St. Anthony was the protector of hogs, which were usually introduced into his pictures. St. Bridget kept pigs, and a wild boar came from the forest to subject itself to her rule. A horse foreshadowed by its lamentations the death of St. Columba. The three companions of St. Colman were a cock, a mouse, and a fly. The cock announced the hour of devotion, the mouse bit the ear of the drowsy saint till he got up, and, if in the course of his studies he was afflicted by any wandering thoughts, or called away to other business, the fly alighted on the line where he had left off, and kept the place. Legends, not without a cer-

tain whimsical beauty, described the moral qualities existing in animals. A hermit was accustomed to share his supper with a wolf, which, one evening entering the cell before the return of the master, stole a loaf of bread. Struck with remorse, it was a week before it ventured again to visit the cell, and when it did so its head hung down, and its whole demeanor manifested the most profound contrition. The hermit "stroked with a gentle hand its bowed-down head," and gave it a double portion as a token of forgiveness. A lioness knelt down with lamentations before another saint, and then led him to its cub, which was blind, but which received its sight at the prayer of the saint. Next day the lioness returned, bearing the skin of a wild beast as a mark of its gratitude. Nearly the same thing happened to St. Macarius of Alexandria; a hyena knocked at his door, brought its young, which was blind, and which the saint restored to sight, and repaid the obligation soon afterward, by bringing a

fleece of wool. "O hyena!" said the saint, "how did you obtain this fleece? you must have stolen and eaten a sheep." Full of shame, the hyena hung its head down, but persisted in offering its gift, which, however, the holy man refused to receive till the hyena "had sworn" to cease for the future to rob. The hyena bowed its head in token of its acceptance of the oath, and St. Macarius afterward gave the fleece to St. Melania. Other legends speak of the sympathy between saints and the irrational world. The birds came at the call of St. Cuthbert, and a dead bird was resuscitated by his prayer. When St. Aengusius, in felling wood, had cut his hand, the birds gathered round, and with loud cries lamented his misfortune. A little bird, struck down and mortally wounded by a hawk, fell at the feet of St. Kieranus, who shed tears as he looked upon its torn breast, and offered up a prayer, upon which the bird was instantly healed.

Many hundreds, I should perhaps hardly

exaggerate were I to say many thousands, of legends of this kind, exist in the lives of the saints. Suggested in the first instance by that desert life which was at once the earliest phase of monachism and one of the earliest sources of Christian mythology, strengthened by the symbolism which represented different virtues and vices under the forms of animals, and by the reminiscences of the rites and the superstitions of paganism, the connection between men and animals became the key-note of an infinite variety of fantastic tales. In our eyes they may appear extravagantly puerile, yet it will scarcely, I hope, be necessary to apologize for introducing them into what purports to be a grave work, when it is remembered that for many centuries they were universally accepted by mankind, and were so interwoven with all local traditions, and with all the associations of education, that they at once determined and reflected the inmost feelings of the heart. Their tendency to create a certain feeling of sympathy toward animals is manifest, and this is probably the utmost the Catholic Church has done in that direction.



W. E. H. Lecky.

SEVEN SITTINGS WITH POWERS, THE
SCULPTOR.

BY HENRY W. BELLOWES.

VII.

May 9th.

MR. POWERS has concluded his sittings, but he spent a couple of hours with me this afternoon, and talked just as variously and interestingly as if he had not been pouring himself out for a week to one person.

When I came abroad (said Mr. Powers) I brought thirteen busts with me, to put into marble, at three hundred dollars apiece. Greenough had told me how cheap labor in marble was, and I flattered myself I should find no difficulty in saving myself in this enterprise, even at so low a price. But, when I got here, I found labor cheap enough, but laborers, used to or capable of reproducing my kind of modelling, absolutely unattainable. After trying many, I had to go to work and cut four of the busts with my own hands, at a ruinous cost of time and money. When I was almost in despair, a man came to see me, who was already a sculptor himself, but without a supporting patronage, and proposed to take one of my busts home and try his hand upon it. I did not dare to give him a portrait-bust, for fear he should lose or spoil the likeness, so I trusted him with the only ideal-bust I had, hard as it was to my feelings. But that was my own, and I felt I had a right to venture it. He brought it back in a few weeks, and showed himself so unexpectedly skilful, that I set him to work upon the portraits without anxiety. He is with me now, after thirty-three years, and is still the only man I can fully trust with the face of my portraits. I have another, nearly as good, but he is slow, and I keep him at work on my ideal works. I often think what I should do if I lost my faithful Italian, who has become my friend, and understands my manner and style perfectly. I pass a considerable time every day in directing him and my workmen generally, who run to me in cases of doubt, and whom I have always under my eye. Occasionally my best men finish a bust so nearly that it does not require an hour's additional touching from my own hand, but commonly I must spend more. I find my original experience in working in all materials—iron, brass, wood, wax, marble, in soldering and in machinery—of immense benefit. I think I could cut a bust in any substance, so natural do tools come to my fingers.

When I came here, the Italian sculptors used to cover their clay models every night with wrappings of wet cloth, to keep them moist, and could conceive of no other plan. When they pulled off the cloths, they often left the surfaces roughened, and sometimes pulled off important parts of the work. I had a different method. I dropped a casing of canvas over my clay model, which, being impervious, soon created a damp atmosphere from the exhalations of the clay, and kept the work perfectly moist, without any peril to it, or trouble to me. Bartolini came in one day and saw it; but, after wondering very much at the plan, expressed his doubts of its adequacy, and, in fact, never adopted it. To this day, this method, in use among all American sculptors, and as simple and self-evident in its claims as possible, is not followed by the Italians, so wedded are they to their clumsy ways, and so obstinate in their errors. There are good native sculptors here. Duprez, the author of the "Cain and Abel" in the Pitti, is the most distinguished, although Fedi, by his recent work set up in the Loggia, has made a great sensation. There is a great amount of admirable work in his elaborate group, but the subject is so bad that I cannot enjoy it. By-the-way, the Florentines joke a good deal over the murderous subjects in that Loggia, devoted to works of special excellence, but where there is only, among a dozen groups, one single peaceful subject. They call it, not without reason, "the slaughter-house."

When I first went to Washington, I had several letters to General Jackson, and called first upon the President, and asked

him, after he had read my letters, if he would sit to me. "Do you daub any thing over the face?" he inquired, looking at me under his spectacles, with a very ominous glance of inquiry; "because I recollect poor Mr. Jefferson got nearly smothered when they tried to take his bust. The plaster hardened before they got ready to release him, and they pounded it with mallets till they nearly stunned him, and then almost tore off a piece of his ear in their haste in pulling off a sticking fragment of the mould. I should not like that." "Oh, no," I said, "Mr. President, I don't wish to do any thing of that sort. I only wish to look at you, for an hour a day, sitting in your chair, and I will engage to produce your likeness." "Ah, then," he replied, "it will give me very great pleasure, Mr. Powers, to oblige you. But when can you come?" "At any time, Mr. President, it suits your convenience. I have perfect leisure, and am wholly at your command." "Could you come as early as seven in the morning?" "Certainly; the earlier after light the better for me." In a few days I was installed in a room in the White House itself. It was a room in which, every morning, was thrown about a bushel of newspapers from all parts of the country, directed to the President, and marked to attract his attention to the favorable editorial notices of his administration which the editors had so disinterestedly written and published. I am afraid they would have been very much surprised and grieved if they had known that, with the exception of one or two papers from his own district, the President never looked at any of these papers except as they kindled his morning fire. I found the President an excellent, most kind, and courteous sitter. He invited me to dine with him, I think, the first day, telling me the names of his own household, whom I should meet. We had an excellent dinner, but the general, I observed, ate only a large bowl of bread-and-milk, not touching either meat or wine. In the course of the dinner, Major Donaldson, I think, was talking very interestingly upon some recent discoveries in astronomy. After listening a while, the general raised his somewhat thin voice rather highly. "I tell you, major, that we don't really know any thing about the weight and size of those distant heavenly bodies. It's all a guess and a pretence. It's nonsense, sir, to talk about a little spark, twinkling away up in the sky, as if we knew just how far off it was, and just how big it was." "But, general," returned the major, "if we did not know the place and the disk of some of the distant planets and stars, how could their positions be calculated, and how could eclipses be predicted, years ahead, with perfect certainty and exactness?" "That's all very easy, sir; very easy," replied the general. "It's done by tradition, sir. The stars move in regular orbits. Their places are observed, at certain times, and noted; and when they come again to the same places, it's observed and handed down, and so, sir, we know when they will be in those places again, it may be a hundred years hence. It's all very simple. I don't believe a word of what these astronomers say about the immense distance and size of the fixed stars. I shouldn't wonder if the moon was as big as any of 'em."

It was hardly deemed judicious to press the conversation on astronomy any further.

I recollect Greenough and I both received heavy circulars from a committee of clergymen, who had charge of a fund of ten thousand dollars, asking us to compete for a funeral monument. As the postage of these heavy missives was not paid, we gave no attention to them until a second package had reached us, at a still larger cost, postage still unpaid, but inflicting large manuscript letters upon us in respect to the way in which the designs were to be managed. I asked Greenough what he was going to do. "Write to these fellows and demand my three dollars' postage," he said, "and tell them I am not a competitor for jobs of this kind." He wrote, and got back his money. I wrote that I did not think any better of gambling in plans than of any other kind of gambling, and that it was not helped if the cards were played on a tombstone. They

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never sent me back my postage, and I believe complained that I was a very impudent fellow. Greenough had very high notions of art, and was a most delightful and instructive companion. We were always intimate friends, and I respected him highly and enjoyed his society hugely.

When Dr. Wainwright was in Florence, I asked him to go with me and see some curious and, to me, inexplicable phenomena in biology, which a Frenchman was exhibiting at a private house. He had two models, whom I very well knew, for his subjects, and, after putting them to sleep by his manipulations, would stick needles under their nails, up to the quick, make pincushions of their foreheads, and run a heavy needle directly through their hands. We handled these needles, and there was no mistake. The wounds did not bleed, nor did the patients seem to suffer the least, or be conscious of what was happening to them.

At the sound of Weber's last waltz, one of them went through a series of such highly dramatic and graceful postures, accompanied by such expressive changes of feature, varying from the utmost sadness to the utmost ecstasy of expression, that we were both carried away with the spectacle, and when at one moment she fell on her knees, and raised her eyes in prayer, it was almost overpowering. Spite of all the undeniable reality of this portion of the exhibition, it terminated with trickery too patent to escape the detection of any fair observer. As we left, I asked the doctor, who had ridiculed the deception before we went in, what he thought now. Agreeing with me in the trickery of the last part of the exhibition, where the Frenchman's wife had attempted to add by imposture to the interest of the performance, he said: "It was undeniably genuine up to that point, and most inexplicable; but I could least of all understand how a waltz could incline the young woman to fall on her knees in prayer." "Call it a hymn, doctor," I said, "and remember that no tenderer or more pleading strains were ever written, and your difficulty will disappear." "You are right, Mr. Powers," said the doctor, "that was just what I needed to hear."

These spiritualistic phenomena have always interested me, although I have never been in the least carried away by them. I recollect we had many "séances" at my house and others when Home was here. I certainly saw, under circumstances where fraud or collusion, or prearrangement of machinery, was impossible, in my own house, and among friends incapable of lending themselves to imposture, many very curious things. That hand floating in the air, of which all the world has heard, I have seen. There was nothing but moonlight in the room, it is true, and there is every presumption against such phenomena under such circumstances. But what you see, you see, and must believe, however difficult to account for it. I recollect that Mr. Home sat on my right hand, and, besides him, there were six others round one-half of a circular table, the empty half toward the window and the moonlight. All our fourteen hands were on the table, when a hand, delicate and shadowy, yet defined, appeared, dancing slowly just the other side of the table, and gradually creeping up higher, until, above what would have been the elbow, it terminated in a mist. This hand slowly came nearer to Mrs. —, at the right side of the table, and seemed to pat her face. "Could it take a fan?" cried her husband. Three raps responded "Yes," and the lady put a fan near it, which it seemed trying to take. "Give it the handle," said the husband. The wife obeyed, and it commenced slowly fanning her with much grace. "Could it fan the rest of the company?" some one exclaimed, when three raps signified assent, and the hand, passing round, fanned each of the company, and then slowly was lost to view.

I felt, on another occasion, a little hand—it was pronounced that of a lost child—patting my cheek and arm. I took hold of it. It was warm, and evidently a child's hand. I did not loosen my hold, but it seemed to melt out of my clutch. Many other similar experiences I have had. It is interesting to know

that the effect is not to create supernatural terrors or morbid feelings. My children, who knew all about it, and were present, never showed any signs of trepidation, such as ghost-stories excite in sensitive and young brains.

I have always thought that there was something yet inexplicable about the nervous organization which might eventually show us to be living much nearer to spiritual forms than most believe, and that a not impossible opening of our inner senses might even here enable us to perceive these forms. When we see a man in his flesh and blood, we see his outward robes. If his nervous system alone were delicately separated out from his body, it would have the precise form of his body; for the nerves fill not only each tissue of the body, but extend even to the enamel of the teeth and the fibres of the hair. There is no part of the human frame that is not full of these invisible ramifications. Show us a man's nervous system, and, filmy as it might be in parts, his form would be perfectly retained, even to his eyes. Now this is one great step toward his spiritual body. A little further refinement might bring us to what is beneath the nervous system, the spiritual body, and it might still have the precise form of the man. I believe it possible for this body to appear and, under certain states, to be seen. I do not often mention a waking vision I enjoyed more than twenty years ago, but I will tell it to you. It happened five-and-twenty years ago.

I had retired at the usual hour, and, as I blew out the candle and got into bed, I looked upon our infant child, sleeping calmly on the other side of its mother, who also was sound asleep. As I lay broad awake, thinking on many things, I became suddenly conscious of a strong light in the room, and thought I must have forgotten to blow out the candle. I looked at the stand, but the candle was out. Still, the light increased, and I began to fear something was on fire in the room, and I looked over toward my wife's side to see if it were so. There was no sign of fire, but, as I cast my eye upward, and as it were to the back of the bed, I saw a green hillside, on which two bright figures, a young man and a young woman, their arms across each other's shoulders, were standing and looking down, with countenances full of love and grace, upon our sleeping infant. A glorious brightness seemed to clothe them and to shine in upon the room. Thinking it possible that I was dreaming, and merely fancying myself awake (for the vision vanished in about the time I have been telling you the story and left me wondering), I felt my pulse, to see whether I had any fever. My pulse was as calm as a clock. I never was broader awake in my life, and I said to myself, "Thank God, what I have been longing for years to enjoy has at length been granted me, a direct look into the spiritual world!" I was so moved by the reflections excited by this experience, that I could not restrain myself from waking my wife and telling her what had happened. She instantly folded her child to her bosom, weeping, and said, "And is our darling, then, so soon to be taken from us?" I pacified her by telling her that there was no evil omen in the vision I had seen; that the countenances of the heavenly visitants expressed only peace and joy, and that there was nothing to dread of harm to our child. And so we found it. I have longed much since to have any similar experience, but I never had it.

Mr. Powers being asked whether he really believed in the pretensions of modern spiritualists, said: I am not a believer in the revelations of spirits, as made known through mediums or otherwise, for most corrupt and unworthy communications are often made; and, with many mediums, there is a great deal of trickery, while there are some so-called mediums who are nothing else than *charlatans*. But I do believe in the fact of spiritual manifestations, animal magnetism, and the moving of solid bodies, by means as yet unexplained by purely scientific men. I believe we are now at the threshold of a new era of discoveries, very unlike the past. We have thus far, for the main part, been examining the outside of creation, the material part, in short; but now we are to enter in, gradually, to the spiritual

part, or, as it were, into the soul of the universe, where causes exist, where forces begin; indeed, the seat of power. It is already admitted that *fire* is power, and that all motion is given by *fire*. We shall now look *into the fire*, not as in dreamy childhood, seeing only various faces and forms in the ever-changing embers, but the finger and at last the hand of Almighty God.

I noticed that Mr. Powers loosened his boot after sitting an hour, and I asked him if he was lame. A little, after long standing at my work (he said), and, as it is the only infirmity I have, I ought not to complain. I usually walk a couple of miles before breakfast—it is the only exercise I get out-of-doors except when I run to the reading-room, about 5 P. M., and I usually went twice every day while the war lasted. As I was limping up the hill, where my new house is now building, one day, a few years ago, a celebrated French surgeon overtook me. "I see you limp, Mr. Powers. Is your difficulty in your left foot, and under your third toe?" "Why, you must be a witch," I replied, "for you couldn't have fixed my complaint more exactly, if you had it yourself." "No witchery, sir, but it is the complaint of your calling, the sculptor's disease. It is a soft corn on the bone, beneath the third toe, which comes from standing so much and resting the weight mainly on the left foot. The difficulty cannot be reached, and the only relief is to wear a very thick sole and cut a cavity in the toe, just under the sore place, which will at least greatly alleviate the suffering." I have adopted the surgeon's advice with great advantage; but sometimes I foolishly get on a thin sole, and then I pay the penalty, as I am doing now.

THE WOMAN OF BUSINESS.

A NOVEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BACHELOR OF THE ALBANY."

CHAPTER XXI.—AGGRAVATING CIRCUMSTANCES.

WE have seen nothing of Mr. Alexander since we left him seeing Mr. Marjoram safe home, and disposed to criticise with severity the proceedings of Mrs. Rowley, on very slight grounds no doubt, for as yet he knew scarcely any thing about his new clients beyond the circumstances which he had learned from Mr. Cosie, so much was he absorbed in his other affairs at this particular juncture. He considered her a pushing, energetic woman, who carried out her plans without sufficient regard to the feelings of other people; and though he knew too well how calumnious paragraphs are fabricated for provincial journals to believe the story of the candles and the procession, which he read in the papers, like everybody else, he was disposed to think she was served right for making herself so prominent and coveting notoriety more than became her sex. However, as we have said, he was too much preoccupied to think much about her, and he soon had business still more engrossing on his hands.

On the day after Mrs. Rowley's visit to Spring Gardens, he was in one of the committee-rooms of the House of Commons, where he had business, and a friend called him aside and said:

"Alexander, I know you are looking for a seat; what do you think of Penrose? Mr. Tressilian, who represented it, died suddenly last night, and the new writ will be probably moved for to-morrow. Lose no time; not three people in London know it; your clients in that part of the country, Lord St. Michael's and the Rowleys, can almost secure your return."

"Thank you very much," said Alexander, who had for some time been waiting for such an opportunity; and, with his usual celerity, he returned to his chambers and dashed off his address to the electors. Mr. Marjoram thought he ought also to write to Mr. Rowley, or try to catch Mrs. Rowley before she left England, for he remembered having once heard Mr. Cosie say that Mr. Upjohn had his eye on Penrose; and, if he was also to stand, the Rowleys would be embarrassed between the rival candidates.

"No, no," said Alexander, "if Mrs. Rowley had an object to carry, do you suppose she would allow my interests to stand in her way? Not she, indeed. She is not that sort of woman. I shall consult

with Lord St. Michael's, but the Rowleys and Upjohns may do what they please."

In the *Times* of the next morning appeared the announcement of the vacancy in the borough. Mrs. Upjohn, looking over the paper just as the family were sitting down to breakfast, was the first to see it.

"At last," she exclaimed, in the greatest delight. "Penrose is vacant at last! Not a moment, John, is to be lost; write your address; go down to Cornwall to-night; you will be the first in the field; nothing can prevent your return."

Mr. Upjohn was excited even more by his wife's excitement than by the news itself. He shuffled on his chair, got up and stumped about the room, and ended by saying, half to himself:

"How unlucky Fatima should have left England before this happened!"

"No," said his wife, with decision. "On the contrary, it is much better as it is. Who knows what such a woman might do? The coast is clear; it is much better as it is."

"Perhaps you are right, Bab," said her husband, sitting down.

"I know I am right. Your return is certain; and when you are M. P. for Penrose, we'll forget all about Foxden and the rest of it."

Meantime Miss Upjohn had taken up the paper, and was looking over the advertisement columns. Suddenly, she cried out:

"First in the field, indeed! This is too, too, too bad."

Her mother snatched the paper out of her hands, saw Alexander's name to his address, flung the paper from her in a paroxysm of vexation, and, pale with anger, exclaimed:

"Now we know what she was about at Spring Gardens. But, if it costs ten thousand pounds, she shall not bring in that man."

"Of course," said poor Mr. Upjohn, nervously; for his wife's violence always put him terribly out; "there is no reason why I should not stand against Mr. Alexander, or anybody else; and, if I do, I don't believe either my brother or his wife will countenance any other candidate."

"Oh, John, you are too great a simpleton; you are too provoking," said his wife; and she rose abruptly and flounced out of the room.

Miss Upjohn, who had more command of herself than her mother, now recollected having heard her cousin say that her aunt Rowley was threatened with a cold, so that there was a possibility that she might still be in town.

"I think, papa," she said, "you had better go to the Cavendish at once; possibly she may not have left yet."

For once in his life John Upjohn was prompt; or perhaps he was not sorry to escape from his wife in her present humor; at all events, he took his hat and stick, called a passing hansom, and in ten minutes was at his sister-in-law's bedside at her hotel.

Here a very pretty picture might be drawn, for if Mrs. Rowley did not look sublime in dimity, like Don Juan's mother, she probably looked very well in it, even with the drawback of a sore throat—but we have no time for picture-drawing. Mrs. Rowley knew in a moment what brought the worthy man, for the *Times* was actually lying on her bed, and she had just had a short dialogue with her daughter on the very subject of his visit.

Susan Rowley thought it was bad behavior on Mr. Alexander's part to stand for Penrose in that unceremonious way.

"He has a perfect right," said Mrs. Rowley, "to stand for Penrose, or any place in the kingdom, without asking the consent of any man or woman living. At the same time, if your uncle stands too, I hope he will come in; the House of Commons would often save him from his own house—a great point for him, poor man!"

"And if Aunt Bab," added Susan, "is invited to a court-ball, perhaps it will put her in better humor with us all."

"Now leave me quiet, my dear," said her mother; but the words were scarcely uttered when Williams came in, to say that Mr. Upjohn was in the drawing-room.

Poor Upjohn, always thinking more of others than himself, was greatly distressed when Susan brought him up, to find his sister indisposed, and vexed at having to trouble her about business, important as it was.

"Tressilian, you see, is dead, Fatima," he said, taking her hand and kissing it—which was quite fair, as he was electioneering.

"Would he had died hereafter!" said Mrs. Rowley. "There are troubles enough, John, in this world, without politics."

"And you have your full share of them, Fatima; I know you have."

"Let us not talk of that now," said Mrs. Rowley.

"To come to the point at once, then," said her brother, "they have settled it at home that I must stand, and they naturally expect—"

"That you will have the Rowley interest; but, you know, John, it has always been our rule never to exercise any influence over our tenants beyond letting them know how we are inclined ourselves."

"All I ask," he replied, "or have a right to expect, is, that your interest shall go with nobody else."

"*Cela va sans dire*," said Mrs. Rowley. "I am sure you will believe me when I tell you that I knew no more than the man in the moon of Mr. Alexander's intentions, or even of the vacancy, until I saw both in that paper, not five minutes ago. He has taken this step without making any communication to me."

"Which was very wrong of him," murmured Susan, from the other side of the bed, half-hidden behind the curtains.

"Be quiet, Susan, my dear, you don't understand these matters; it was not wrong of him, though perhaps it was hardly very courteous."

"I am perfectly satisfied, Fatima," said Mr. Upjohn, getting up.

"Then you are too easily satisfied, uncle, in my opinion," murmured Susan, a little more timidly, since the rebuff she had got.

But, instead of chiding her again, Mrs. Rowley made a semi-revolution of her head on the pillow toward her daughter, and asked her what she would do herself.

"Well, mamma," said Susan, coming out of her seclusion, "considering the relation Mr. Alexander stands in toward the property, I think my uncle is entitled to have a distinct declaration from you, conveyed to the tenants, that you have nothing to do with Mr. Alexander's canvass, and that you neither support him, nor wish any one to support him against my uncle."

Mrs. Rowley reflected a moment, revolved her head back toward her brother, and said:

"Susan is right, John; and what she suggests shall be done. Only do you lose no time; your opponent is not the man to let the grass grow under his feet."

"Thank you, Fatima," said Upjohn.

"Thank Susan," said Mrs. Rowley.

"Come round till I kiss you," said her uncle, who was the only kissingish member of his family.

As he was going away, Mrs. Rowley asked him to tell her something about Mr. Alexander, for she had met a gentleman of that name ever so many years ago, when her father was living; but he could hardly be the same man, as he was intended for the bar.

"What kind of man was your acquaintance?" said Mr. Upjohn.

"Handsome, tall, and clever; my father thought he was sure to make a figure in the world."

"Then my opponent is probably the very man, for I now remember to have heard that he gave up the bar for family reasons. I forget how it was; but it was highly to his credit, I remember that."

"Now go, John; I am wrong to detain you a moment," said Mrs. Rowley. "My best wishes go with you."

He kissed her hand again, and hobbled away on his fruitless expedition; for Upjohn after Alexander was a tortoise in chase of a greyhound.

"How odd," said Mrs. Rowley, when her brother was gone, "that my old friend Alexander, of whom you often heard me speak, should turn up in this way. You recollect, Susan, my asking Mr. Woodville repeatedly about him, and he never could tell me any thing."

"Yes, mamma; he said they never corresponded, and blamed himself for it more than Mr. Alexander—he is such a strange, indolent creature, that dear old Mr. Woodville. But now, mamma, you must talk no more; I'll go away, and you must try to sleep." On going to the sitting-room, Miss Rowley found a few urgent lines from her sister, which had just come. How wretched it was to have to tell poor Fanny in reply that their return would probably be still delayed for several days! Susan very properly concealed that letter from her mother until she was able to travel, which was not for nearly a week.

Not long after Mr. Upjohn left his house that morning, Miss Upjohn went out with some of her friends, and her mother was left alone with her passions and her wrongs (for poor Carry in her attic never counted for anybody). The first thing Mrs. Upjohn did was to cut

Alexander's address out of the *Times*, put it into an envelope, and direct it to the sick gentleman in Paris, whom she was always so anxious to amuse. This done, she sat for some time gloomily running her eye over the endless advertisements in the same page, either for want of something better to do, or in hopes of some more exciting matter turning up; but nothing very particular attracted her attention, with the exception of a notice headed "Delicate Investigation Office," in which the advertisers—persons of great experience in their line of business—offered confidential assistance in family matters requiring the utmost delicacy and secrecy. This advertisement wonderfully interested Mrs. Upjohn; and, while she pored over it, cases occurred to her where such clandestine services might be of the greatest value—where, indeed, in the cause of justice or morality, it might be a duty to make use of them. While she was considering the subject, or, if you please, moralizing on it, the door opened, and Miss Cateran rustled in, impatient to hear all about the election, as she, too, had seen the *Times*. Letitia had hardly sat down when a servant entered. Mr. Upjohn had just come in, and wanted to see Mrs. Upjohn for a moment in his study. She left Letitia without apology, and ran downstairs, panting with curiosity to know the result of the drive to Jermyn Street.

"In town still!" she exclaimed. "I thought so."

"She is ill, my dear; she has a cold."

"That's a good one," said the lady.

"It's a very bad one," he replied, trying, as he often did, to shirk a painful discussion with a joke.

"Well," she said, after hearing all he thought it necessary to tell her of his interview with Mrs. Rowley; "if she is too ill to go down to Dover, she is too ill to go down to Penrose—so much the better for you. You will be there early to-morrow, if you lose no time."

"I start immediately, my dear; but I must just give Carry a kiss before I go."

"I'll kiss her for you," said his wife, with an impatient gesture "Kiss the electors' wives as much as you like, but no kissing here until you are returned."

She left him getting his few necessities together for his journey, and returned grimly thoughtful to the drawing-room, devising how to unmask her dear sister's sham influenza. For this purpose she had only to let Miss Cateran know that Mrs. Rowley was in town. Of her illness, real or pretended, she thought it safer to say nothing, lest it might abate Letitia's impatience to visit her—in which, truly, Mrs. Upjohn did her friend injustice, for, with all her faults, that lady has still a little fund of good feeling left, though perhaps not quite enough to redeem them.

However, Mrs. Upjohn was right in her calculation that Letitia would hurry to the Cavendish to see Mrs. Rowley, whom she had not seen for ages, according to ladies' chronology.

"You will come back like a dear, and dine with us," said Mrs. Upjohn—a proposition to which the fair Tyburnian willingly agreed, though, as will be seen hereafter, she failed to keep her engagement.

Mrs. Upjohn burned with impatience to be alone. Deep philosophers and holy hermits are not the only people in the world who court solitudes. If Mrs. Upjohn had not found useful employment for Miss Cateran, she would have invented some pretext or other for sending her away, so strongly had the spirit of private meditation come upon her between the events of the morning and that suggestive advertisement in the columns of the *Times*. What steps her meditations led her to take will shortly be seen; but, before we relate them, we must take the reader to Paris, and give some account of what is doing there while Mrs. Rowley is detained in England.

CHAPTER XXII.—MR. ROWLEY AND HIS DAUGHTER FANNY. MR. WOODVILLE AGAIN.

THE Rowleys had apartments in the Faubourg St. Honoré, not far from the residence of our old friend Woodville, who still inhabited the same attic, and trod the same flowery and fruitless path which he trod when we first made his acquaintance. Fanny Rowley, a quiet, sweet, home-keeping girl, a pale and fragile likeness of her sister (having been herself in delicate health for some years), hardly ever left her father's side, on which account, perhaps, she understood and managed him better than any one when his state of mind did not pass all un-

derstanding and defy every affectionate influence. When Mrs. Rowley left Fanny behind her, on going to England, she very little dreamed of the trials the poor girl had before her; for, as has been said, Mr. Rowley had not for several years enjoyed such good health, or been so composed and rational. As long as this lasted, the life of father and daughter, though other people would have thought it monotonous, was just the sort of quiet existence which suited them best. Living close to the Champs Elysées, they were constantly to be seen sitting together in the shadow of the trees, enjoying the spectacle of the great drive and ride of the French capital. There, sometimes, Fanny would take her work, or a book, and Mr. Rowley would read his newspapers and letters, as well as his daughters, also—unfortunately for him. Sometimes a friend would join them, often Mr. Woodville, who knew Paris very well, and could point out to Fanny all the notabilities who went by, and amuse her with the anecdotes of the day. Mr. Rowley was habitually taciturn when he was not actually morose, and on such occasions he rarely joined the conversation, and often seemed even unconscious that it was going on. He would give the artist a slight nod, or touch his hat formally; but, for two years, since they first knew each other, they had not exchanged a dozen sentences; not even when Mrs. Rowley was sitting for her portrait, for he was the painter of the picture which the reader has seen in London. It was, perhaps, the only work he ever finished, and it was certainly the only portrait he ever painted; for he rather looked down on portrait-painting as beneath an artist of genius. When the change came over Mr. Rowley, after his wife had been in England for some time, Woodville was the first who noticed it, observing an altered expression in the eye, which, as he said, never deceived him. The history of the change was very simple. Fanny Rowley received her cousin Harriet Upjohn's letter, mentioned in a previous chapter, one morning, just as she and her father were setting out, as usual, to pass an hour *à fresco*, and she put it into her work-basket to read it under the limes. Could she have anticipated the effect it produced, she would probably have manoeuvred to keep this particular letter from him; but she was so unsuspecting of danger, and so little dreamed of any thing going wrong in England, that she ran her eye over it from beginning to end without seeing more mischief than in a nursery-tale, and handed it to her father without a misgiving. Nor even after he had read it did she perceive how it affected him. Sitting beside him, she was not in a situation to observe the play of his features, even if she had been watching them, which she never thought of doing. The only thing she did notice was, that after reading the letter he took out of his pocket one he had received the day before from her mother, and seemed to peruse it attentively, as if he were comparing one with the other. He then sat perfectly still, apparently observing the scene passing before him, without making any articulate reply to the little remarks his daughter made occasionally; but this was too much his way to excite a remark. Mr. Rowley was a tall, slender man, about fifty, and had been handsome before his health failed, or the weak parts of his constitution declared themselves. His face was a long oval, the lips thin, the nose long and aquiline, his eyes black and singularly devoid of lustre, except when he was excited, or when one of his fits was coming on him; then they glittered in that painful way which always made his friends uneasy. His ordinary complexion was dry and sallow; he had passed many years of his early life in India, and looked as if under the burning sun of the East he had fallen into the yellow leaf prematurely. To the same cause was probably due the general inertia of his vital functions. His doctors knew best the state of his liver; but everybody could see his ashy paleness, sometimes shifting to an almost olive-green, and everybody could perceive the feeble and hollow tones of his voice when he exerted it, which he often scarcely did at all for days together, even when he was at his best.

The effect produced by Mrs. Upjohn's first blow, was first noticed, as we have said, by Mr. Woodville, whose medical education made him observant of the altered expression of a face. He happened to pass not long after the reading of the letter, and perceived at a glance that the phenomena of Mr. Rowley's countenance, of the eye especially, were changed since he saw him last. When Woodville came up, the eye rested vacantly upon him, with no recognition in it, and, only saluting Miss Rowley, the artist passed on. As this was unusual, Fanny noticed it, and rapidly connecting it with her father, thought at once of the letter, which he had thrown on a vacant chair behind him, and she was on the point of taking it up again, and reading it a second time, when he arose abruptly, snatched up the

letter, beckoned to his brougham, which was moving up and down waiting for him, and said he would go home. He was silent in the carriage, silent all the evening—so ominously silent and moody that Fanny did, what her mother was in the habit of doing in such cases, she sent a note privately to the physician who occasionally attended him, requesting him to call the next day, as if by accident, and see her father. Meantime she did not dare to ask by so much as a look what it was that disturbed him, and she had only her recollection of the letter, which she had but hurriedly read, to help her to a conjecture. Doubtless, however, it was her Aunt Upjohn's supplement, which she now remembered had been so tremendously underlined. The worst thing about Mr. Rowley when he fell into one of those states was, that there was no possibility or opportunity of reasoning him out of any wrong notion he formed. He placed himself at once behind a rampart of moodiness, out of the reach of explanation or discussion. He was only approachable by the wrong side. The devil that possessed him had every advantage. The doctor came (he was the same physician whom we have formerly seen at Orta, having long since removed to Paris), but Fanny knew nothing of what passed between him and his patient; she saw him for a moment before he left the house, but he merely said that he had ordered no medicine, all he could say was, that it would be advisable to keep every thing from him that might worry or excite him. Ah, that was poor Fanny's difficulty! How could she keep from him the letters addressed to himself, when she could not keep her own? Besides, the letters and papers were always brought directly to himself, and he then handed to the members of the family those that were directed to them. Such was the system, and system is another name for fate; Fanny, at least, was powerless to change it. Mr. Rowley sat the following day again in the Champs Elysées, and it was the last sitting. There came no letters from England by that day's post. Father and daughter dined together in the evening; it was for the last time. The doctor dropped in again the next morning, and again Fanny saw him stealthily and only for a moment. The post had brought letters the evening before.

"I am afraid," she said, "papa is uneasy about something; I dare not ask him. Have you any idea what it is?"

"No, my dear," said the doctor, who was on intimate terms with the family, "only that he says he ought to have gone to England himself."

"Oh, did he say that?" said Fanny, with a keen perception of all the evil implied in these few words.

"Perhaps I ought not to have told you," said the doctor, "but frankness is my rule, when I have people of sense to deal with; it is a great pity your father gets any letters at all. The best advice I can give you is to write to Mrs. Rowley, and tell her from me that I think the sooner she returns the better."

The letter Fanny wrote in pursuance of this advice was the first alarming one that Mrs. Rowley received at Mr. Cosie's. It was soon followed by another from her wretched husband himself. As he now shut himself up in his room, and saw his daughter less and less daily, it was never known exactly when the most shameful of Mrs. Upjohn's insinuations began to tell upon him. All that Fanny knew was, that on one particular day he looked paler and wilder than he had yet looked, and to her great astonishment said he must see Mr. Woodville.

"I'll write him a line," he added, but when he attempted to write his fingers quivered, so that he was obliged to give it up, and get his daughter to write for him. He dictated the few words which the request required. Fanny wrote them with a hand almost as tremulous, the unnatural light in her father's eye and the pallor of his cheeks frightened her so.

Woodville, who was not a bit more self-possessed than he was when we first met him, was thrown into utter confusion when Honorine, his cuisinière, femme de chambre, and every thing, handed him Miss Rowley's note. And, indeed, such a message from Mr. Rowley, who only the other day had looked at him without recognizing him, was not a little surprising. The artist was in his old dressing-gown as usual—it looked old enough to have been the very same that he wore at Orta—and only for Honorine he might have rushed into the street without doffing it, he was in such a flutter. However, she took care of all that, and saw that he was fit to be seen before she let him out of her sight.

A few minutes later he was ushered into Mr. Rowley's own room,

from which the sun was so carefully excluded that for a moment or two it was not easy to distinguish objects in it. The unfortunate gentleman received him collectedly and politely—more collectedly than his feverish excited eye would have led one to expect, could its expression have been more distinctly seen. The long white robe de chambre which he wore, his white untrimmed whiskers, with the stubble of a grizzled beard of two days' growth, were altogether so ghastly when they were distinguished, that his visitor might well have fancied himself betrayed into an interview with a spectre; and the tone of his feeble voice, which seemed to come out of a sarcophagus at the bottom of a cavern, was well calculated to encourage such an impression.

"Mr. Woodville," he said, across a large table which stood between them strewn with papers, "I have only a question or two to ask you, which you will answer or not, just as you please."

"My dear sir," replied Woodville, "you can have no question to ask me on any subject that I can have the slightest objection to answer."

"You painted a picture of Mrs. Rowley?"

"Surely, Mr. Rowley, you know I painted your wife's picture, as well as I do."

"Mrs. Rowley, if you please; I said Mrs. Rowley—do you know for whom you painted it?"

"For whom? Why for you, of course."

"No, no; not for me. It was not painted for me. You were deceived—remember, I only say deceived."

"Deceived," said Woodville, growing very uncomfortable; "in God's name, by whom?"

"In God's name!" repeated Mr. Rowley, with a solemnity almost as grotesque as it was melancholy. "Since you speak in that name, tell me, in God's name, in whose house, in whose possession that picture is at this moment?"

"How can I possibly answer that?" replied Woodville, in agitation. "All I know about it is, that it was to have been sent to England, and, I think, down to your estate in Cornwall."

"If that is all you know, Mr. Woodville, you know nothing—don't be offended—you are a bachelor—bachelors know nothing. If ever you marry, you will know something—particularly if your attorney is a handsome man—a handsome man, Mr. Woodville, and a lady's man. That's the road to knowledge, Mr. Woodville. Thank you for your kind visit."

Woodville could only draw one inference from this incoherent and utterly unintelligible speech, and it made him glad that there was a large table between him and his companion, and a free communication with the door; but except a little gesticulation with his hand, and the rising of his voice to a painful treble, there was nothing alarming about the unfortunate gentleman. Otherwise he remained as still as a statue while he talked. The artist, however, thought it full time to terminate his unpleasant visit. As he went out the hollow voice pursued him—

"Go on painting, Mr. Woodville; paint only gay ladies. I'll recommend you to all the gay ladies of my acquaintance."

Miss Rowley knew that the artist was with her father, and fully expected that he would ask to see her, before he went away; but, agitated and bewildered as he was, he was too judicious to present himself to Fanny at such a moment, when he could not possibly have concealed from her the state of alarm he was in. He had heard something of Mr. Rowley's antecedent maladies, but it was very little; and he had never heard at all of his being subject to fits of jealousy. That he was suffering under one of these attacks now was manifest, when Woodville put together all the wild things he had said about the picture, the gay lady, and the handsome attorney. Woodville was well acquainted with Doctor Lawrence, and went to look for him to tell him the scene he had just had with his patient. He did not find Lawrence at home, but he met him in the course of the evening, and told him every thing.

"Curious," said the doctor, "for I saw him myself to-day; and as to his mind, as far as he can be said to have one, I thought him better than when I had seen him last; but it often happens in these disorders the patient is more rational with his physician than anybody else. This is another fit of jealousy. I think he had one before, some years ago."

"His wife is only too faithful to such a wretched imbecile," said Woodville.

"True," said Lawrence; "many a woman would give his pet monster with the green eyes something substantial to feed on."

"Yes," said Woodville, "women with less prudence or less virtue than Mrs. Rowley. But tell me, Lawrence, who is this Adonis of an attorney he is raving about?"

"Oh, you don't know!" said Lawrence.

"I have been away on a sketching tour for the last month, and I suppose he has got a new man of business in my absence."

"Just so," said the doctor. "His name is Alexander; he was recommended to the Rowleys by another Cornish proprietor; and, from all I hear of him, he is just the man to make husbands uncomfortable."

Woodville smote his thigh, and exclaimed:

"Then, as sure as a gun, he must be an old friend of mine, and of Mrs. Rowley's, too. I am happy to hear it is not to her he owes his appointment. That might have been a little awkward."

Several days elapsed; no improvement in Mr. Rowley—no mitigation of poor Fanny's agony about him; and her distress was increased by her mother's illness and necessary delay in England.

One morning Lawrence called on Woodville. He had just found his patient more excited than ever, but had utterly failed to discover what the fresh cause of irritation was. Newspapers lay on his table, but no letters. His pulse was higher than it had yet been.

"Did he say nothing?" said Woodville.

"Very little; only, as I was going away, he said he was expecting the arrival of a friend from England, and asked me to inquire for an apartment that would suit him in the neighborhood."

"As to that," said Woodville, "there are two vacant in this house—a *premier* and a *quatrième* opposite to me."

"I'll let him know," said the doctor.

The next evening, toward nine o'clock, Woodville was sitting alone in his room, when the door-bell rang, and Honorine brought him a scrap of paper with a few words on it from Miss Rowley, evidently written in the greatest hurry, imploring him to come to her. He lost no time in attending to the summons, and found the poor girl in a frenzy of grief, just returned from Versailles, where her father had sent her with her maid on a feigned errand, as she now believed.

"Oh, Mr. Woodville, my father has left the house with Thompson, and all his things; and nobody can tell me where he went, or where he is!"

"My God!" cried Woodville, "can nobody give any intelligence; the *concierge*, or none of the servants?"

"Nobody seems to know any thing. The *concierge* was not in his lodge at the time. Is it possible, do you think, my father can have set out for England?"

"Possible, certainly, but not probable, as Mrs. Rowley must be on her way home."

"Oh, Mr. Woodville, she is still in London, still unable to travel. I found a letter from Susan on coming home. But I agree with you; he is not gone to England; he was not strong enough to think of it."

Woodville now recollected what Lawrence had told him, that Mr. Rowley had desired him to look out for an apartment for a friend.

"Oh," cried Fanny, "it was for himself he wanted it!"

"In that case, Miss Rowley, I think I shall be able to set your mind at rest in five minutes—at least, as to where your father is. Only sit down and try to compose yourself. I have but to return to my own house, and I shall be back in a moment."

Woodville had only to ask his *concierge* to satisfy himself that Mr. Rowley was installed in his new quarters. He had removed while his daughter was at Versailles. The artist then went up to the *premier*, and rang the bell. It was answered by Mr. Rowley's man, with a lamp in his hand.

"What brings you here, Thompson?"

"I know no more than you do, sir."

"And Miss Rowley—is there not a room for her here?"

Thompson shook his head mysteriously.

"No, sir—nor for Mrs. Rowley either; that is to say, sir, the apartment is large enough, but nobody is to be admitted without my master's express orders."

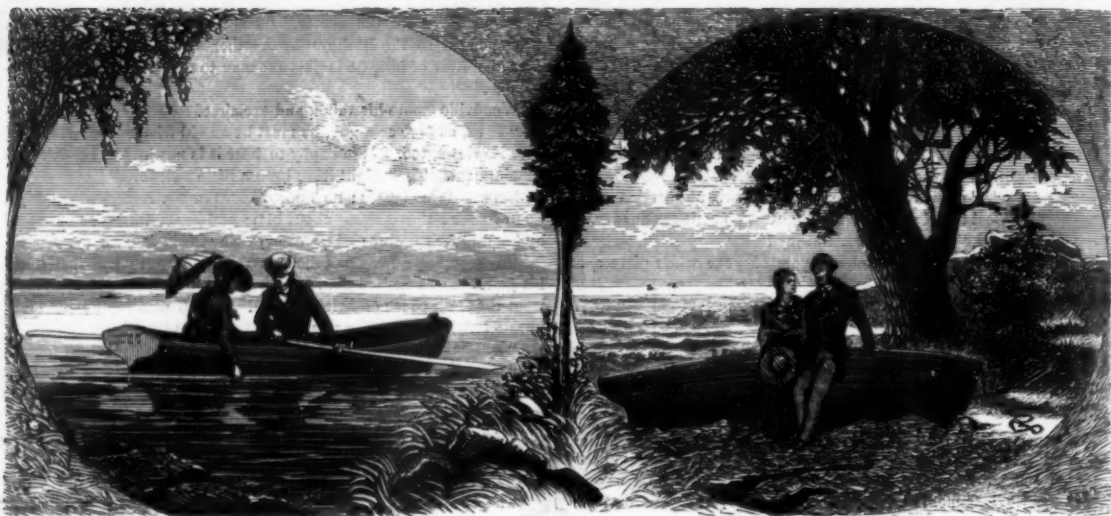
"I see," said Woodville. "Good-night."

The only satisfaction Fanny Rowley had that night was to know that her father was not far away, and under the same roof with a friend. It will be seen at the close of the next chapter what it was that goaded the unfortunate man to take so extraordinary a step.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ON NARRAGANSETT BAY.

AN IDYL REVERIE.



DRIFTING where the Spring-time listens
 For the murmur of the bee,
 While the dim-hued morning glistens
 Mistily on thee and me,
Cara mia—
 Tearfully on thee and me.

Lingering where the Summer chases
 Deep, cool shadows from the lea,
 While the bright-hued noon-step paces
 Listlessly by thee and me,
Cara mia—
 Dreamily by thee and me.



Floating where the Autumn wakens
 Love-tones pure as love may be,
 While the soft-hued twilight beckons
 Tenderly to thee and me,
Cara mia—
 Longingly to thee and me.



Gliding where the Winter dozes
 In his robes of ermined glee,
 While the dark-hued evening closes
 Blissfully round thee and me,
Cara mia—
 Blessedly round thee and me.

BY NINETEEN HUNDRED, A. D.—WHAT!

WHAT is likely to occur in this country during the next quarter of a century affords to all intelligent Americans a most interesting field, not merely for speculation, but for careful investigation. We all know quite certainly what the population of the United States will be, and we have a general idea as to how large an extent of country will be comprised under our flag. Statisticians also can give an approximate estimate of the number of miles of railroad there will be in the country by the close of the present century.

So much we all know, in a general way; but as yet no one has undertaken to "think out" what will probably be our future social and industrial condition, or what changes will be effected in our habits, institutions, and creeds, yet it is clear that there are forces in action in this country which will probably lead to certain definite results, which all intelligent men can foresee, once their attention is directed thereto.

In the first place, it is reasonably certain that, within the next thirty years, we shall have no great war. The abolition of slavery and the practical failure of the extreme doctrine of state-rights have settled the only questions which, in all human probability, would lead to civil war.

As to foreign wars, a conflict with any of the powers on this continent is not probable; and, should one occur with Mexico or Brazil, it would have but little appreciable effect upon the social and industrial future of the country.

A war with France, or any European power but England, is very improbable; but, should one take place, it would be mainly a naval conflict. France might succeed for a while in blockading our principal ports, but she could land no army upon our shores, nor could we secure a lodgment on the coast of France. Spain is too contemptible a military power to take into consideration. In the contingency of a foreign war, the only serious struggle we could have would be with Great Britain; and, in this case, Canada would be the battle-ground. All the power of England could not hold that province against the United States for more than a couple of years after a declaration of war between the two countries.

There seems, therefore, to be no impediment worth mentioning to the rapid material development of the country, and I venture to say that the next thirty years will see in the United States an augmentation of wealth and increase of industrial activity such as no nation mentioned in history has paralleled in any one century.

We have started on a race for wealth, for unbounded abundance of all the good things of life, in which we are certain to accomplish far more than our wildest dreams would seem to warrant. Our railroad system is so far developed; our industrial organization is so complete; the craving for the accumulation of wealth is so universal; the education and political habits of the people train and sharpen their faculties and activities to such a degree, that the great object of the American mind—the acquisition of wealth—will, in all human probability, be fully attained.

But this vast accumulation of wealth will be very unequally distributed; there will, undoubtedly, be a very large disproportionate increase in the number of those who work for hire to those who employ others for hire. The great bulk of the property of the country will centre, no doubt, in very few hands, as compared with the mass of the population. The growth of great fortunes in modern Europe—I mean great fortunes made outside of commercial and legitimate banking transactions—was contemporaneous with the creation of great national debts. The Rothschilds, Barings, Hopes, Browns—indeed all of the leading financial houses of Europe—have come into existence since then. The largest part of their property has been made in the manipulation of the national funds. The daily fluctuations of a quarter or an eighth per cent. in the "consols" of England or the "rentes" of France, which seem so trifling to the ordinary observer, were equivalent to very large accretions to the wealth of the banking class.

This same cause, together with the necessity for some few large firms to deal in government securities, has already, in a very few years, built up gigantic fortunes in the United States. We know what the national debt has done for "Jay Cooke & Co." We do not know, and would be surprised if we did know, of other very large fortunes which have been accumulated by the same agency.

But not only will our national debt be the means of adding im-

mensely to the wealth of a few great bankers, our whole industrial apparatus is even now, and will be in a greater degree, a vast machine for grinding out very rich men.

We all know what has occurred with regard to our railroads; every day they are falling into the hands of fewer and still fewer men. The Vanderbilts, Fisks, Drews, Goulds, and the other railroad magnates, "exploit" tens of thousands of small fortunes; and wealth, formerly in the hands of a great number of men, has, by practices known in railroad speculation, been transferred to the hands of a very few. This has not been done wholly by improper means, although accompanied by much that was scandalous to our civilization. It is in the tendency of all modern enterprises that the large sharks shall eat up the little fish; that what was comfort to the many shall become affluence to the few.

We see the same tendency in trade. The house of A. T. Stewart represents five hundred, or even a thousand, smaller stores; his great rival in the dry-goods business, Clafin & Co., takes the place of about as many more.

There was a time, within the memory of people now living, when it was possible for one to be a dry-goods merchant with a capital of fifteen thousand dollars; he would be a lunatic who would now think of entering upon that line of business without a capital of at least a quarter of a million.

According to the statistics of commerce, ninety-five persons in every hundred who enter a commercial life fail, and but five per cent. succeed; but these five represent all the wealth which the ninety-five brought into business, as well as all they should have realized by a fair investment of their money.

So far there has been a vast development of the joint-stock principle in this country; it has been applied to all kinds of enterprise, but, in those employments in which it has had its fullest development, it has become so notoriously corrupt, that I am inclined to believe that the future control of all industrial occupations will be far more likely to centre in individual hands or firms. The history of railroads gives an inkling of what all great industrial enterprises are liable to become under the administration of joint-stock companies. The only management which can be honest and efficient, in the long run, is that of individuals, or at most that of firms composed of few partners. The use of other people's money, without any real responsibility, especially by salaried officers, has a tendency to develop individual selfishness at the expense of the body of the stockholders; hence we see that the railroads are practically passing into the hands of individuals. Not only are the holders of stock sacrificed over and over again, but a few even of the directors are the only persons who acquire great wealth. It will be the turn of the bondholders next; they, too, in all human probability, will lose the principal of their investments.

This tendency has become so universal in all channels of trade, that prudent men are beginning to doubt the propriety of investing any money in joint-stock companies.

Already some of the large manufacturing establishments are following the bad example of the railroad monopolies, and it requires only some exceptional excitement, like the famous petroleum bubble, to show that the great mass of the projectors of companies are intent upon developing the resources of the country so much as "exploiting" would-be shareholders and buyers of stock. I confidently predict that the time is not far distant when all joint-stock companies, including manufacturing establishments, life and fire insurance, banks, and the like, will pass into individual hands at the expense of the present shareholders. The history of the railroad system foreshadows that of all other joint-stock enterprises. There is something in corporate management essentially faulty, as it not only develops individual selfishness at the expense of the other corporators, but offers peculiar facilities for depriving the latter of their property.

At the same time, the necessities of commerce are so great, the variety of industrial enterprises is so tempting, that I have no doubt that the next ten years will see an enormous development of corporate management by the organization of joint-stock companies.

But I insist that, no matter how promising the various programmes of these corporations may be, the system itself can have but one issue—the accretion of vast wealth in the hands of a few persons, at the expense of the people who invest their savings in these corporations.

Another influence which will help to accumulate large fortunes is the rising value of land. We are not likely to be cursed in this country with the reign of enormous land-monopolies, such as obtain in Great Britain: the equal division of property at the death of the parent forbids that. But we must not overlook the fact that the same causes, which have accumulated landed property in the hands of a few persons there, are also active among ourselves, in concentrating lands in fewer and still fewer hands.

Ten or fifteen years ago, our agricultural papers were loudly demanding of farmers that they should dispose of their surplus lands, have fewer acres, but farm these better. It was argued that a good farm of a few acres was better than the poor farming of a great many, and there was a great deal of nonsense written about "ten acres enough," and even ten rods enough, and the drift of opinion seemed to be toward small farms; but the development of agricultural science has brought about, within the last ten years, a very different tendency. The invention of labor-saving machinery has rendered large farms the most profitable. To take advantage of the most recent and valuable inventions in labor-saving machinery applied to agricultural pursuits, it is indeed necessary to have very large farms. The improved ploughs, reapers, sowers, horse-hoes, and all the equipment of a first-class modern farm, require a great extent of acreage, to be economical. Hence the tendency now, in all parts of the country, with the exception, perhaps, of the more northern of the late slave states, is to the consolidation of small farms into great ones. If the census should ever give the figures, it will be curious to note how each decade will show a gradually-enlarging average of the size of farms in nearly all the northern states. I venture to say, if we can get the precise statement of the average number of acres of land in each farm, in 1870, compared with the same figures in 1860, we shall be amazed at the vast accumulation of land in few hands. Within that time it has become unprofitable to be a small farmer, except in the immediate vicinity of a large city.

The extension of our railroads augments this tendency wonderfully. Proximity to a commercial emporium has always, heretofore, operated in favor of the small farmer. Located near this centre of population, he obtained a ready market for his garden-truck and other products in the adjoining town; but the clamor in favor of *pro-rata* freight on all large railroads shows that nearness to the commercial centres does not now operate in favor of the farmers in adjoining districts. The great farmer who cultivates his one thousand to five thousand acres in Illinois has an immense advantage over the man who farms his fifty or sixty acres within a hundred miles of New-York City. The railroads have done away with the monopoly of the near-by farmer, while the use of labor-saving machinery gives to the large farmer in Illinois an enormous advantage in all the great markets.

Now, this is not a good tendency—these accumulations of great wealth in a few hands, this growth of noble fortunes and princely houses, the swallowing up of the property of the middle classes and small farmers, are an unwholesome drift of the times; but it is a real tendency, and we must look it straight in the face, and bring the lights of science and public opinion to bear upon this—one of the gravest problems in the future of this country.

This accumulation of wealth in a few hands will not, however, be without its compensations: we shall have, within the next thirty years, an immense development of literature and art. So far, it has been to the extreme discredit of our wealthy classes that they have done nothing for art or literature. In the rich Italian cities of the middle ages, it was the recognized duty of the merchant-prince to be a patron of art and artists. The rich New-York speculator satisfies his highest ideal in patronizing horse-flesh and becoming a member of the "Jockey Club." The conception by our merchant-princes of the duty which accompanies the control of great wealth has so far been contemptible.

But, while the rich are getting richer, will the poor become poorer? On the whole, I think not—at least so far as regards the white laborer. The competition of Mongolians will probably, in time, drive our native laboring-classes out of the smaller and ruder occupations; it has done so already in California. The large amount of Chinese immigration yet to come will cause this question of so-called Coolie labor to become a more serious problem to solve than was that of African slavery. It is surrounded with difficulties, with prejudices of race, of religion, and of an entirely different civilization, and will, in the future, inevitably create grave disturbances.

But the Mongolian has commenced to come, and come he will for

the next quarter of a century—not in dribblets, as now, but in armies. This Asiatic labor will be found useful on the farm and in the ruder industries; it will relieve the white American from a great deal of drudgery, and will enable him, perhaps, to turn his more active brain and stronger body to pursuits that are really more lucrative to himself and advantageous to the community.

But these Mongolians will be added to the wage-receiving class; and, when the country becomes fairly settled, when the public lands are all taken up, and the price of lands in private hands begins to rise, then we shall see in this country the strange phenomena of a comparatively large wealthy class, a small middle class, and an immense wage-receiving class.

The great bulk of the American people have, in times past, belonged to the middle class, being neither rich nor poor; cheap lands, and the facility with which they might be acquired, have helped to encourage small farmers, and build up minor industries, and to diffuse wealth among a large part of the population. But, from this time forth, this tendency will be reversed, or, at least, will not operate in the same manner. The turn of the tide now is toward the accumulation of great wealth in the hands of individuals, and to the growth of the wage-receiving class, at the expense of the middle class.

What will be the probable moral condition of the American people in the year 1900? I am afraid that the social philosopher cannot look at the future without a great deal of apprehension. Our wealth will be secured under conditions that certainly will not favor a great moral development. I but echo a truism, when I say that the prevailing sentiment is not accompanied by a religion calculated to save society. Our churches are losing their hold upon the public mind, and I consequently look for a most gigantic increase of corruption in every department of government and of industry. The development of fraud and swindling in most of our railroad and industrial enterprises has reached our legislative bodies; purely selfish considerations control our parties, elect our legislators, and administer our government. Honesty is becoming the exception, fraud and knavery the rule. We want some new condition or phase of religion to correct this growing cancer of the body politic. But I can see no new evolution of Christian life that is of a nature to grapple with this gigantic evil of the age; it must run its course, and is destined to be the occasion of great intestine commotion and social disturbance.

Manners and domestic morals will also probably decay. Our stage shows that our tendencies in dramatic representation are toward the wildest license of the Parisian capital. The looseness of the marriage relation, evidenced by legislative enactments making divorce laws more lax every year, and the astounding number of divorces, point to a state of society, with regard to the relation of the sexes, which is not pleasant to contemplate. Many of these evils will correct themselves. The substitution of individual for corporate management will do something toward restoring purity to commercial transactions. The proper solution of the railway difficulty will rid us of the control which these corporations now have over government. The railroads must be owned by the State, and the cars run by individuals or companies. That is to say, the canal system of the State of New York must be the model for the future railway system of the whole country, instead of the few very rich men practically owning all the railways of the country, as is rapidly becoming the case. A cry will go up from all quarters to take away from these men the monopoly they will hold of the roads given by the people, not for their benefit alone, but for the good of the whole community.

I am in hopes also that, contemporaneously with the inevitable growth of an enormously wealthy class, will arise a public opinion which may correct many of the evils incident to the accumulation of property in few hands, and thus a conception of property, not as an individual right, but as a sacred public trust, may become general. To secure great wealth, it is indispensable that the community should work with and for the capitalist. By his own labor, no man can earn more than a fair living, with perhaps a little to spare. To obtain legal possession of vast properties requires the coöperation of thousands and tens of thousands of persons. When the rich realize this (and they never will do so until public opinion instructs them), and see that they hold their property only in trust, that they are simply administrators of the wealth of the community, they will then, but not until then, realize their great social obligations.

The present conception of property is a totally different affair, and the way in which people regard it almost justifies Prudhomme's famous

apothegm, that "property is robbery." It is a purely selfish, egoistic, and unsocial conception. "All this is mine," says the rich man, "to do with, just as I please;" but society will, by-and-by, say, "No, sir; it was by our help, it was by the coöperation of hundreds and thousands that you secured this wealth; we demand that you use it, not for your own benefit alone, but for the good of the community who gave it you, or who created those conditions by which you could secure these vast accumulations."

In a partial degree, some of our rich men have realized this great social duty; hence our Peabodys, Lawrences, Coopers, and Sheffields. What is now exceptional must, if society is to be saved in this country, be true of the entire wealthy class. It will probably be a very long time before this conception becomes general, but, if it does not, the future is full of trouble for us and for our children.

The invention of labor-saving machines in agricultural pursuits is driving the laborer and peasant into the towns and villages; and the extension of the manufacturing and other industries—all help to swell the population of our cities. We shall have, on this continent, cities with a mightier populace than any of the great centres of population of ancient or modern times. If our present system of industry obtains until the end of the present century, until the public lands are all taken up, and the price of land rises very greatly, then shall we see a social war between the wage-receiving class and the capitalists, which will be full of appalling results. It is probable, more than probable, that what will take place in Europe in the next twenty-five years may teach us many and great lessons. The problem of modern industrial society, which in this country will probably be postponed to the close of the present century, will practically force a solution in Western Europe within the next ten or fifteen years. We shall have its lessons and experience to guide us, but, take it for all in all, this glance at the future of the nineteenth century is not entirely reassuring. We can very clearly see that the great extension of wealth, the spread of education, the filling up of our vacant territories, the enormous increase of population, and, as we hope, the growth of noble social feelings, may widen the conception of the duties between man and man, and may help to mitigate the excesses of the commercial and industrial forces now in operation.

ON TEACHING ENGLISH.

By PROFESSOR BAIN, OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ABERDEEN.

III.

THE reasons why these critical exercises should be chiefly derived from good modern authors will be given under the remarks to be made on third division of the course of English—namely, ENGLISH LITERATURE.

In this wide field we have, first, the claim of the early English authors—those before Chaucer. If the criterion of utility is allowed, they may be soon disposed of. It is scarcely supposable that a student of this day should get one useful hint from the whole mass of these authors put together. They belong partly to the history of the language, and partly to the history of the country. They are proper to be published, edited, and commented on; they enter into the department of curious reading for the grown man; they do not belong, further than by cursory allusion, to the schoolmaster, hemmed in as he is at the present moment within such narrow limits of time. Either they do not require, or they are not susceptible of, the master's aid. They will be read, without any teaching, by those whose taste lies that way; and scarce any teaching could give them interest where it is not native to the student.

In Chaucer, we have the real beginning of the literary eminence of our country. No reading man would dispense with Chaucer. But is an English master justified in taking up much time with him? True, he is so far charged with obsolete phraseology and forms, that he cannot be read without the assistance of a commentary. But it is not sufficient that the text should be edited and explained, and his beauties indicated in printed annotations? When you are sufficiently matured for the enjoyment of poetry of any kind, you will take delight in reading Chaucer for yourself, with no other aid but the notes of the "able editor." You will also find abundance of reviews and criticisms of Chaucer, written in a perfectly intelligible and even attractive style, which you need no one by your elbow to expound.

Doubtless the discussions on Chaucer's metre are a little dry, and might be the better for a coach; but I should say to the person that could not master the point without such help, that neither he nor mankind at large would be much worse if he left the matter alone.

It will be obvious that this line of remark upon Chaucer has an application far wider; that at least it extends to all the great poets. I mean it to be so extended. I hold that an English poet that has not of himself sufficient attractions to be read, understood, and relished, without the prelections of a university professor, is by that very fact a failure. He undertakes to charm the sense and fill the imagination of the ordinary reader, without more effort of study than is repaid on the spot at the moment; his return for any labor expended on him is immediate or nothing. Any special difficulties ensuing from remoteness of age, from the wide scope of his imagery, or from any accidental defects of his composition, may be removed by his elegant and admiring commentator, or be redeemed by his irresistible charms in other respects. If we are to allow a coach in addition to the editor and the review critic, the popular evening lecturer is quite enough. The youthful pupil's forenoon hours are too precious for this kind of work.

Let us come now to modern English, dating from Elizabeth. Here we have our greatest poet, and some of our greatest names in prose. Let us first dispose of the poet. I speak with the common sentiment of profound homage to the genius of Shakespeare. Every one that has been in any way alive to his greater flights, will admit, I think, that they raise and distend the intellect beyond any existing compositions. In this respect their power is little dependent on the commentator. If there be any one qualified to add much to the force of the Shakespearian passages, it is the great actor and elocutionist; and, even without these, he will continue to exercise his potency. I could not vote to tax the nation for coaching Hamlet and Macbeth.

Of the prose writers of Elizabeth, I listen with amazement to any one recommending Hooker. Why, the men that superseded Hooker, in every conceivable merit of thought and of style, are themselves superseded. In John Austin we are, at least, three removes from the "fustian" of Hooker. So long as the union of Church and State is a living question, Hooker will deserve to be looked back to, and perhaps admired, for his "judiciousness" in suggesting the needful compromises in that knotty relationship; but, for every other purpose, he is left far behind.

Bacon still contains a certain amount of unexhausted interest, yet his style has more to avoid than to imitate. He has given birth to expressions that will be immortal in our language; and there are perhaps occasional felicities that have not become hackneyed. But the modern student may be satisfied with a few specimens of his peculiar genius.

I will not go on further in allusions to particular authors, because the drift of the remarks will now be apparent. I cannot admit the necessity of going back to Elizabeth for studying style; and the objections would apply, although with decreasing force, to the ages succeeding. Even the great prose authors of the seventeenth century, before Cowley and Dryden, are wholly unsuited as guides to composition. Milton's prose contains stupendous bursts, worthy of his genius, but the structural part is in no respect to be commended. I should not be hard upon any one that found Barrow unreadable, and Tillotson the same. Cowley, Temple, and Dryden, succeeded by the men of Queen Anne, greatly alter the state of the case. Still, these are not the best masters of prose; the language did not culminate with them. Allowing for temporary mannerisms, English prose has improved steadily to the present hour. What, then, is the obvious course of the student? Is it not to devote himself to the men that realize the highest excellences before looking at inferior men? And the course of the student is also the course of the teacher. The great contemporary writers are to be first sought out. They are not perfect, any one of them; but the knowing teacher can turn their imperfections to good account. He has, as I conceive, no better line of instruction, no better exercise, than to discriminate the good from the less good in the most advanced of our literary composers. With them he should commence, and be principally conversant. He may go back and use, in decreasing percentage, the previous writers for a century and a half, or two centuries; but he will find an increasing difficulty in remodelling, to ideal excellence, their sentences and paragraphs. Such, at least, has been my experience.

As regards, then, a course of English literature, I hold that—in so

far as it is an elegant critical excursus, wherein the historian vies with his subject authors in elegance and sparkle, being himself a literary artist—there is no need of enouncing all that from the professor's chair. The pupil should have it in print, and appropriate it in his own chair. The English teacher's concern with the literature of the past is to extract from it every thing that is of value for improving the diction of the pupils, and, in that view, the present, and not the past, is his mainstay. The situation is illustrated in the quaint innuendo of the old historian, Fuller, on Selden, the antiquarian, who was not a despoiser of this world's goods. "Selden," says Fuller, "possessed a number of coins of the Roman emperors, and a good many more of our recent English kings." The wealth and purity and correctness of our diction may be found, in connection with our most improved thinking, and our living sources of interest, in the great writers of our own generation. From them, in point of fact, and in spite of all declamation about the old wells of pure English, we each derive our chief education in style; and the teacher, lending himself to the actual fact, can very much aid our progress in appropriating the best, and avoiding the inferior, forms of these exemplary writers. He certainly should know a good deal of the past; he should be ready with allusions to the forms and diction of all periods of modern English. He could, in his own way, and having the main chance always before him, review the history of literature in a manner most instructive. But, when a man gets into literary criticism at large, the temptation to deviate into matters that have no value for the predominating end of a teacher of English, is far beyond the lure of alcohol, tobacco, or any sensual stimulation. He runs into digressions on the life, the character, the likings and dislikings, the quarrels and the friendships, of his authors; and even gets involved in their doctrines and controversies. Now, the critic of Milton's prose, if he is set up to teach English composition, ought to have nothing to say to the question of divorce, or to the merits and demerits of the Cromwellian supremacy. He should view Milton as a sentence-maker, a paragraph-composer, a rhetorician, a master of the English vocabulary; all the rest can be gained from other sources, and out of school-hours.

Throughout the foregoing remarks, I have been obliged to keep strictly in view our peculiar situation, as having so very little time to impart what is really a vast acquisition. The dead languages have as yet such a hold of the ground that only a mere corner can be got for our living tongue. Doubtless, if we had a share of the many hours devoted in the schools to Greek and Latin, we should not have to pronounce so severe an exclusion of Anglo-Saxon, of Elizabethan and seventeenth-century men, and of all the elegant literature of criticism, and in general of whatever is immediately pleasing in our subject. We might allow, now and then, a short digression, a momentary indulgence, in what we have so sternly reserved for the evening fireside or the popular lecture. But, such enlargement of our time and our opportunities as may one day arise from the collapse of the ancient languages, will be of small consequence, in my judgment, if it is not accompanied with the clear and firm conviction that the one thing needful, the ruling motive of an English master, is to discipline his pupils in the best modern English prose.

THE NEW WING OF THE LOUVRE.

THE part of the new wing of the Louvre between the pavilions of Lesdiguières and La Tremouille has been recently cleared of its scaffolding.

Three great arched passages are pierced through it, affording plenty of room for carriages from the Place du Carrousel to the quay, and *vice versa*.

Above these three arcades, of a lofty and monumental aspect, on the side overlooking the Seine, a façade arises, surmounted by a frontal, under which the bronze relief of an equestrian statue of Napoleon III. is profiled, on a marble slab, in the costume of a Roman emperor. This statue does not reach the standard of excellence that might have been expected for a work leaving the hands of the eminent sculptor, M. Barye. The place it occupies, however, is certainly not designed to show off its merits. Examined from the Quay of the Louvre, along the parapet, only a contracted view of it can be obtained: the cornice of the entablature conceals a part of it, the angle formed by the projection of the visual ray and the perpendicular line of the building

being too much intercepted. Seen from the other side of the quay, the group is reduced to a rigid profile, which still more heightens the defect inherent to the Roman costume for equestrian statues, strikingly revealed in the statue of Marc-Aurelius at the Capitole, where the emperor's mantle, falling back upon the horse's crupper, concealing the sweep of the horseman's back, gives a short and heavy appearance to the trunk.

The equestrian bas-relief of Napoleon III., seen from the Quay Voltaire, or from the middle of the Bridge of the Saints Pères, would have needed a more projecting relief. The architect and sculptors would doubtless have obtained by this means effects of light and shade which would have animated the group; at the same time, there would have been more harmony between the bronze and other sculptures of the façade. The two colossal statues, placed on the sides of the central arcade of the three new gateways, to the south, are due to the chisel of M. Jouffroy, and personify Peace and War. They have been composed from a symmetrical point of view, and in the same balance of mass and lines.

With upraised arms, extended toward the archivolts, draped in the long folds of the ancient tunic and toga, they express the idea of triumph.

Peace has her head crowned with flowers and ears of corn, holding in her right hand a torch, and in her left an olive-branch.

War is coifed with a winged helmet, girt with laurels, with a sword in her right hand, and in the left the palm of victory. A scaled cuirass protects her breast, and the ample folds of her mantle fall gracefully over her robust sides. The two statues are in alto-rilievo (in full relief), hardly connected with the mason-work of the pillars, and surmount two vessels' prows, symbolizing the vessel of the State. Two infant genii are seated at the feet of each statue, supporting symbols proper to the two subjects.

M. Jouffroy has very happily surmounted the difficulties presented by the architectural conditions of the edifice, and has avoided, by clever and skilful combinations in the details, the symmetrical uniformity of the composition.

The different shades of expression are ingeniously observed, without either strain or effort. In short, the general effect of this important work is grand and lofty, and M. Jouffroy has succeeded in attaining the end aimed at by the finest examples of the monumental sculptures of antiquity and the French Renaissance, viz., simplicity combined with richness.

Praise, likewise, is due to the whole ornamental part of the sculpture of this façade, which has been executed with much intelligence and with the greatest care.

ITALIAN SKETCHES.

VELLEIA—THE POMPEII OF NORTHERN ITALY.

I LEFT Piacenza, the old Latin Placentia, on the Po, on a beautiful first-of-May morning at six o'clock, and passed up the Trebbia across the field where Hannibal gained his second battle over the Romans, soon after he entered Italy, two hundred and eighteen years before Christ. I reached the site of ancient Velleia, twenty miles from Piacenza, at four p. m. For the last five miles I had scarce a footpath, owing to the numerous slides from the hills into the valley, giving the whole country very much the appearance of having started for Greece. The entire low ground was covered with stones by the furious torrent, and I had to ford the Trebbia twice. There is a fine glimpse of the great valley of Lombardy, off northeast, from the ruins of this old Roman town.

On my way, I stopped at a farm-house, and was interested to see them make *polenta*—mush, hasty-pudding, or suppawn. The good-woman of the house put a brass kettle, nearly filled with water, over the fire; then sifted her corn-meal and put it into the kettle in large bowlfuls, without stirring, before the water boiled; after it had boiled a long time, one of her daughters stirred it well, and turned it out upon the table in a large round mass, smoking hot. She drew a thread under the mass a little distance by holding one end in each hand, and in this way cut it up into thin slices, laying them

on each other; upon each slice she plentifully grated cheese. A large plateful was given me, with a glass of wine, and the family gathered around the rest.

Velleia is situated among the hills which form the lower slope of the Apennines. The Veliates are mentioned by Pliny among the Ligurian tribes; and in another passage he speaks of *Oppidum Veleiatum*, which was remarkable for the longevity of some of its inhabitants (lib. vii., § 49, ¶ 50). He there describes it as situated "near Placentia, among the hills," but its precise site was unknown until its remains were discovered in 1760. From the mode in which these are buried, it seems certain that the town was overwhelmed by a vast land-slide from the neighboring mountain. Systematic excavations on the spot, which have been carried on since 1760, have brought to light several buildings of the ancient city, including the amphitheatre, a basilica, the forum, and several temples; and the great number of bronze ornaments and implements of a domestic kind, as well as statues, busts, etc., which have been discovered on the spot, have given celebrity to Velleia as the Pompeii of Northern Italy.

Unfortunately, the movement of the avalanche of mud which buried this town broke down all the walls to within some two feet of the ground, crushing the buildings and breaking the large statues badly. There are several columns made of calcareous deposits, containing leaves of the oak and other trees, of four feet in height and two feet in diameter. There was much of this calcareous deposit used in the construction of the town, and the *custode*, who has the charge of the excavations under the government, said that it was abundant on the mountain. There was a great deal of mosaic work in the floors of the edifices. Several buildings have been erected to contain the remains. There are a great number of capitals of columns, which are kept covered with straw; the foundations of buildings are covered with tile, and every precaution is taken to preserve them. The principal excavations were made by the widow of Napoleon, when she was Duchess of Parma, and the objects obtained now constitute the chief interest of the Lapidarian Museum at Parma. The inscriptions found there show that Velleia was a flourishing municipal town in the first centuries of the Roman empire. One of these is of peculiar interest, as containing a detailed account of the investment of a large sum of money by the Emperor Trajan, in the purchase of lands for the maintenance of poor children of both sexes, legitimate or not. It was found at Velleia at different times, and in several places, and is now perfectly restored. It is curious for the information it supplies respecting the Roman administration. This remarkable document contains the names of numerous farms and villages in the neighborhood of Velleia, and shows that that town was the capital of an extensive territory, which was divided into a number of *pagi*, or rural districts. The names both of these and of the various *fundi*, or farms, noticed are almost uniformly of Roman origin, thus affording a remarkable proof how completely this district had been Romanized. The fourth sheet of a senator's consultum on the particular interests of Cisalpine Gaul, shows what its splendor was already under the republic. It is a remarkable thing, and a proof of the power and prosperity of ancient Italy. When one goes over the Lapidarian Museum of Parma, and sees these relics of Velleia, and through the Bourbon Museum of Naples, and beholds the admirable articles taken from Herculaneum and Pompeii, and compares them with the same class of objects now in use in Italy, he feels that there must have been design on the part of God in burying these cities, that we may see by comparison the tremendous retrograde movement which Italy had made under the papacy.

The coins found at Velleia are numerous, but none of them later than the time of Probus, who was killed near Sirinium, A. D. 282, whence it is reasonably inferred that the catastrophe which buried the city occurred in the reign of that emperor.

It is astonishing that the capital of a flourishing district should be buried with no funeral sermon, no Pliny to even chronicle the event, no lapidary to inscribe a stone in memorial, and that she should sleep there fifteen hundred years as quietly as a mummied crocodile.

From Velleia I ascended to the top of the Apennines, where just before sunset I had the most magnificent prospect it has ever been my lot to behold. All Northern Italy lay before me. The atmosphere was perfectly transparent; the Alps, stretching like a mighty bulwark from far beyond Venice in the east to Mont Cenis in the west, bounded my view in the north, and I could count nine lakes reposing in her beautiful bosom. The Po, the old "bottomless Bodincus," called by the ancients the King of Rivers, could be seen stretching himself throughout the whole length of the Lombardo-Veneto plain; and Milan, and Bergamo, and Breccia, and Verona, Padua, Mantua, Cremona, Lodi, Piacenza, and others, peered up, seemingly proud of a position on one of the richest plains on earth. I gazed on this scene until it was dark, and then groping on for several miles I considered myself fortunate in finding a lodging in a hay-mow, among a set of banditti-looking men.

LAKE REGILLUS.

Two miles from La Colonna I came to the site of Lake Regillus, close by, on the right-hand side of the Via Labicana. There are the sites of ancient lakes which no longer exist in this section of Italy, as well as of cities. The site of this lake, which covers only about a half-acre of ground, with its high banks of volcanic rock, like the Coliseum, and some other old ruins of Rome, has answered many very different purposes, in the different eras and widely-different economies of the world's history. It was originally made by Vulcan as a chimney to one of his forges, and was used during the long and terrible Plutonian dynasty as one of the escape-pipes for the intense internal fires of that vast establishment, and in this capacity served a most important end, in common with some others, in preventing this part *della bella Italia* from being turned upside down and converted into Apennines. Then Neptune claimed it by right of conquest, and it was long used as a drinking-cup among the gods. Jupiter afterward asserted that it, *de jure*, belonged to him, and after a long and terrible struggle he obtained possession of it, turned the water out into the Anio, and decreed that it should henceforth serve as a landmark to indicate where the battle was fought, in which Castor and Pollux, aided by the dictator Aulus Posthumius, gained the victory over the confederated Latins, which terminates the supposed fabulous history of Rome, destroyed the last hopes of the Tarquins, and laid the foundation for the future grandeur of the Roman power. Jupiter's decree appears to have been respected until he was dethroned by *San Pietro*, since which time the locality has been farmed out for vulgar purposes, and used as a stone-quarry by a mongrel race of Lilliputs, who probably can establish no better claim to being descended from the rock-hurling and mountain-piling Titans than the present black, degenerate swine of Italy can, to being the descendants of the companions of Ulysses, whose ancestry was sung in immortal strains by Homer.

ELIOT'S INDIAN BIBLE.

THE Rev. John Eliot landed from the ship *Lion* at Boston, Massachusetts, on the second of November, 1631, and in the month of March in the following year was settled as a preacher and teacher at Roxbury. Acquiring the language of the red-men, among whom he labored with great success, converting many to Christianity, he gained for himself the title of the "Apostle to the Indians." "The apostle!—and truly I know not who, since Peter and Paul, better deserves that name," said Edward Everett, in an oration delivered by him a few years before his death. Eliot's translation of the Bible

into the Indian tongue was first published in 1663, and there is now but one person living who can read or understand a single verse of any of the few perfect copies still preserved in the Astor, Harvard, Yale, and other American libraries, and that person is not of the race for whom the translation was made by the devoted and faithful missionary. They have, alas! all long since passed away.

The Indian Bible was printed at Cambridge, by Samuel Green and Marmaduke Johnson, under the immediate patronage of the Society—which had been formed in England—for the propagation of the Gospel among the Indians in New England, commonly called "The Corporation." Johnson was sent over from England for the express purpose of assisting in this great work; Green had been connected with the press almost since its first establishment in Cambridge. The Corporation originally had their printing executed in England, but when Eliot had translated his catechism, and eventually the Bible, it became necessary that the printing should be done here. The first materials for the work arrived in 1655, and, three years later, it seems by the following record, Green petitioned through the General Court for more type:

"At a general court holden at Boston, 19th of May, 1658; in answer to the Petition of Samuel Green, printer at Cambridge, The Court judgeth it mete to commend to the consideration of the Commissioners of the United Colonies at the next meeting, that so if they see meete they may write to the Corporation in England for the procuring of twenty pounds with more of letters for the use of the Indian College."

What is here called the Indian College was the building used for the printing-office. It had been erected by the Corporation, and designed as a college for Indian youth, but was afterward taken for a printing-office. The printing of Eliot's Bible excited the attention of the nobility and scholars of England, and the Harvard College press became famous in consequence of it. Two editions were printed; the first in 1663, consisting of one thousand, and the second, of two thousand copies, in 1686. It was published in small quarto with marginal notes, and contained the New-England version of the Psalms. "Up Biblum God," which means the Book of God, is a portion of the title, and "Wutappesiltukqusuunookwehtunkquoh" is a single word, while one of the shortest verses runs as follows: "Nummelsongashasekesukokish assneannean zenzen kesukod."

Of the original edition not more than fifteen copies are known to be preserved in the United States, and a still smaller number in Great Britain. A copy was sold in New York in May, 1868, for one thousand one hundred and thirty dollars, the highest price ever paid for a printed book in one volume, in this country. Eliot's Indian Bible was the first Bible in any language printed in America, and it would seem, from the astonishing sums which have been paid for perfect copies during late years, that books increase in price in proportion as they lack readers. The race of Massachusetts red-men for whom the distinguished missionary carried on for so many years his vast and unselfish labors, are entirely extinct, and J. H. Trumbull of Hartford, Connecticut, is the only person on earth who can read their language or their Bible.

While Eliot was engaged in translating the Bible into the Indian language, he came to the passage, "The mother of Sisera looked out at the window, and cried through the lattice," etc. Not knowing an Indian word to signify *lattice*, he applied to several of the natives, and endeavored to describe to them what a lattice resembled. He depicted it as a framework, netting, wicker, or whatever else occurred to him as illustrative, when they gave him a long, barbarous and unpronounceable word, as are many of the words in their language. Some years after, when "The Apostle" had learned their dialect more thoroughly and correctly, he is said to have laughed outright upon discovering that the red-men had given him the true term for *eel-pot*—"The mother of Sisera looked out at the window, and cried through the *eel-pot*."

MEISSONIER.

TO Jean Louis Ernest Meissonier, one of the most celebrated of modern French painters, belongs the distinction of introducing into the French school of art the most distinguishing merits of the Dutch school: that is, wonderful patience of elaboration, clearness of tone; in a few words, the utmost refinement and neatness and accuracy in the technical process of painting. The little and marvellously-elaborated pictures, of which Meissonier is still the supreme master in France, were unknown as an object to French painters before Meissonier won so much consideration for his successful effort to represent Nature, as seen through the small end of a telescope. His aim was a reaction against the dominant masters of his time; by his indefatigable, tenacious talent, his microscopic vision, he was enabled to surpass the Dutch masters in every thing but color. Every form of excellence in art appeared to have been illustrated in French painting but that of the Dutch school. Great political tragedies in Delacroix; military events in Vernet; the drama of the passions in Delacroix; classic art in Ingres; the domestic *genre* in Chardin, before Frère; *fantaisie* in Watteau—ideas, fancy, imagination, beauty, pastoral art,—all in a style more or less in direct descent from the great examples of Italian or classic art. Meissonier, without an idea, without a passion, without any thing but a wonderfully-trained hand, and an uncommon perception of actual objects, applied himself to produce pictures that should "flabbergast" a public tired of emotions and ideas and revolts, but interested in every thing mechanical and laborious, and obviously conscientious. He may be said to be a Dutch painter, *plus* the instruction of the photograph. He was not a pupil of the *École des Beaux Arts*; and yet no painter of the imperial school has carried further the science of his art, and none are better instructed in the technical means to reach the object of his work. He contests with Gérôme superiority in the science of representation of Nature on a small scale. His pictures compete with Gérôme's at the picture-dealers; their market value is astounding; and they interest the mind like clock-work, like the weaving of Egyptian linen, like photographs, like any fine and successful exhibition of the mechanical talent.

Meissonier was born at Lyons, about 1813. He went to Paris when very young, and spent some time in the studio of Léon Cogniet. The list of his works will afford us the best means of understanding what have been the moral and intellectual and artistic subjects which have enlisted the force and pith of his being as a man and artist. It must be confessed that nothing very grand, nothing very beautiful, has occupied his attention as a painter. One of his first pictures was "A Nun consoling a Sick Man" (1838); then "The Reader" (1840); then "The Chess-Players" (1841); then "The Painter in his Studio" (1843); "The Guard-room"; "A Young Man looking at a Drawing"; "The Players of Piquet"; "The Game of Ninepins"; and "The Soldiers." After 1848, "The Smoker," "The Bravos," "The Duel," "Napoleon I. after Waterloo," "Napoleon III. at Solferino," and many duplicates or variations of the subjects above mentioned. His little pictures, eight by ten to fourteen by fifteen inches, are masterpieces in the department of art which they illustrate, command enormous prices, and are found only in the collections of kings, princes, rich men, and picture-dealers. He obtained the first-class medal in 1846; a second-class medal in 1841; two first-class medals in 1843 and 1848; and a grand medal of honor in 1855. He was decorated in 1846, and created an officer of the *Legion d'honneur*, June, 1856, and in 1867 received a grand medal again.

These are but brief indications of a few of the honors which have been heaped upon him in France under the empire. Meissonier is a man of consummate executive talent as a painter. He is fine, patient, complete in his work, and, unlike

that of inferior elaborators in art, his work is not deficient in vitality and naturalness. But the interest of his productions is very limited; they are held at a great price only by picture-dealers and rich connoisseurs, who do not think, who understand art only as dexterity of hand and skilfulness of arrangement of material.

Glance over the list of Meissonnier's works, and, as you do so, let me remind you that he has duplicated almost every one at an immense cost to the purchaser. They represent the activity of his hand and brain. But, what must we infer from the character and subject of that activity? We can only infer that painting, to the illustrious Meissonnier, is a trade, raised to the level of a fine art by extraordinary skill in manipulation; but, practised to express character, it has a dramatic interest which wins the appreciation of persons indifferent to mere manual dexterity.

But what has interested Meissonnier? A single figure in a picturesque costume, a group illustrative of the manners of an epoch! Most of his interiors are studies of character and customs in the eighteenth century in France. His "Chess-Players" and his "False Confidence" are striking examples. The most celebrated of his pictures, the one we think of in this country, when his name is mentioned, is "The Chess-Players," which we reproduce. Representation, so actual and complete as this, needs no comment. It has no hidden meaning; it has no suggestion; it is *realization*; and, as such, satisfies the understanding. But the ascendancy, or the popularity of such art, is the reproach of a public. If the consummate talent of Meissonnier were the only illustration of art in modern France, how dreary and barren would be its interest! how incapable of a place in our affections! how far from touching our imagination! But Meissonnier is only supreme in art opposite to the supremacy of a Delacroix, a genius that expressed all that Meissonnier was incapable of, expressed all that may be said to have refused to be rendered by a man without heart and without ideas.

Meissonnier is an example of a modern artist wholly independent of the actual life of his time—an artist who has given *no place to woman* in his works, *no place to the ideal*, *no place to the disturbing facts of his own epoch*. I know of but one picture in which he represents a woman—and that woman is a dame of the eighteenth century—and her gallant. Consummate as is the executive talent of Meissonnier, he cannot be taken as a type of the artist. His aim is too limited, his purpose too material. Absolutely deficient in the ideal, absolutely indifferent to all the consecrating and charming and beautiful elements of Nature and life, he is but a consummate picture-maker, interested in the most prosaic characters and showy costumes of the driest epoch of modern civilization. His works are objects of curiosity. The most stupid lover of pictures can use his "glass" to magnify the minute merits of Meissonnier's pictures, and deepen his sense of wonder at the laborious and skilful hand of the artist; he can observe his marvellous finish, his masterly drawing, his bold touch, his completeness of representation, and so have the flattering satisfaction of being on a level with the aim and work of one of the most far-famed of modern painters.

But some of us, without the least wish to be invidious, with a just sense of precisely what Meissonnier, with his emphatic bullet-head and practised hand has done, think of pictures as more than the product of a good trade, and as appealing to us independent of their commercial value; some of us think that, as pictures are representations of life and Nature, the noblest and most beautiful pictures, the most to be desired, are those which represent, in a noble and beautiful form, noble and beautiful subjects. It is the glory of Meissonnier to be the consummate master of elaborated art in France, unsurpassed in his rendering of prosaic and actual character, and chiefly interesting to men who have good eyes but no imagination, and no aesthetic sense. What can you think of a figure-

painter who is insensible to the beauty of women, who has no ideal, whose interest in his fellow-men is no broader and no deeper than his interest in old furniture, old costumes, and the trivial incidents of a common social life? Yet such is one of the most consummate painters of the modern French school; such is one of the most honored men in France; such is the man who has been promised, if report be true, that he should be made senator of France!

WEST POINT AND THE HIGHLANDS.

THE beautiful view of the Highlands, which accompanies this number of the JOURNAL, scarcely requires description in these days of universal travel, when the Hudson and its beauties are household words, and have been brought, by rail and steamer, almost to the very doors of every American. And yet, how can we pass this picture by without at least a reference to "Old Cro' Nest," famed in fable and in song, lifting its storm-beaten head on our left, or beautiful Cold Spring, to the right, with its village-church spire just showing above the surrounding trees, and its foundery—invisible, to be sure—yet famous, the world round, for its Parrott guns, one of which, grimly frowning through the embrasure at the extreme left of the picture, seems to threaten Newburg in the distance, the glimmer of whose spires and lofty buildings, like little flakes of snow, assures us that, under the shadow of those cloudy hills, there nestles one of America's village gems. And then there's Dunderberg and the other Highlands, which, each with its individuality strongly marked, seems to beg of us a special notice, that we must, perforce, withhold. Niagara has its majestic grandeur; Lake George its picturesque beauty—but the Hudson has West Point and the Highlands. Around West Point, cluster a thousand sacred memories and traditions; memories of the Revolution and the band of heroes who fought the good fight which gave us our freedom; memories which cling to the crumbling walls of old Fort Putnam, still grimly frowning above the green, smooth-cut sward of the Parade; traditions of romantic adventures and of hair-breadth escapes; traditions of the escapades of wild cadets, now grown gray in their country's service, and burdened with the weight of hard-earned laurels; traditions of the cadet-life of those whose memory will ever live in the hearts of their countrymen, a better and more lasting witness of their courage, their virtue, and their true nobility, than the shafts of monumental stone raised to their memory by surviving comrades, and placed on the very spot where they, in the first flush of health and hope and opening manhood, dreamed of a long, a happy, and a noble life. West Point has sent forth an army of gentlemen, of scholars, and of warriors. It has also sent forth a band of engineers, to whose peaceful labors our mariners owe a never-ending debt of gratitude—engineers who have patiently and laboriously mapped the coast of a continent, and marked the reefs and shoals which had often wrecked the home-bound vessel, almost in sight of port.

West Point has ever tended to ennoble all who have enjoyed its advantages, and profited by them; it has stamped an unmistakable seal on each of its children. Much of this, no doubt, is due to the course of training to which all are subjected; to their careful, competent, assiduous instructors; to the cultivation of physical as well as mental development; and to fraternal feeling and *esprit du corps* engendered, increased, and confirmed by years of intimate association. But, is not something due to the very location of the institution and the ennobling influence of the surrounding scenery, the lordly river, with its ceaseless flow, washing the foot of the overhanging mountains, whose sturdy, rugged summits, now wreathed in mist, now gilded with the bright sunlight, are ever-present models of stern, uncompromising stability? The pure waters of the river, like the famed well of truth, are ever monitors of

purity, and the fresh breezes from the mountain-tops sweep down, bringing, in their free course, health and vigor and noble impulses. Then, let Americans be proud of their Military Academy; let them be proud of its professors, and proud of its location. From every section of the country come its children, and to every section are they again sent forth, with their innate excellences cultivated by the example and the precepts of their instructors, their physical systems invigorated and developed by the pure air and glorious surroundings, their sense of honor fostered to an extreme degree, their lower natures brought under subjection. West Point is not only the school, it is the citadel of our country; for what defence is there so strong, so unyielding, so trustworthy, as the hearts of its chosen defenders?

THE BURDEN OF KNOWLEDGE.

MR. DARWIN tells us that, in the world of life, there is a perpetual struggle for existence. Such are the rates of multiplication that, if any one species could go on propagating without hindrance, it would soon root out all others: mackerel would fill the ocean, and oaks cover the continents. But, in the battle of races, the weakest, or those least adapted to the circumstances, are ousted by the stronger and better adapted, and there thus goes on a perpetual weeding out of the less perfect, and the course of life becomes an improvement and a progress.

There is another field not considered by Darwin, where analogous laws prevail. It is that of knowledge and books. The fecundity of the *aphis*, or shad, is nothing to that of the printing-press. Here, too, there is a struggle for existence, a remorseless competitive war of publications, in which vigor and adaptation insure victorious life, while the products of low vitality speedily succumb and are thrust out of the way. But, while in the field of Nature, the extinguished races are dissolved and dispersed in the elemental circulations, a new agency comes into play in the world of books, by which they are garnered up in library-tombs, so that oblivion is cheated of its dues. In the competitions of life, the living have to struggle only with the living; in the competitions of publication, the living have to fight both the living and the dead. Vital organisms are in conflict only with their rivals of the present; a book has to maintain itself both against the present and the past. All the brain-products of time, the knowledges and the false knowledges come jostling and crowding forward for attention, while to those ambitious spirits who aspire to the "foible of omniscience"—that is, to know something of every thing—the prospect becomes appalling. What is to be done?

A writer in the *Cornhill Magazine* has had a distressing deliverance upon this subject, which reappears in *Every Saturday*. He gives it up. He has lost all patience with this increase of knowledge. He is depressed at the monstrous accumulation of facts which is going on all around us. He stands aghast at the enormous quantity of things with which it is possible to be acquainted. He doesn't know, and he doesn't care, and he hugs himself on his ignorance. If we keep on laying up stores of knowledge at this rate, says he, future philosophers will go mad with the infinitude of their materials. The British Museum makes him melancholy, but he becomes jolly at the recollection of the burning of the Alexandrian Library, and suggests the formation of a Society for the Suppression of Useless Knowledge, which should adopt the Alexandrian policy, right and left, and give us relief.

In all this, the disgusted writer has our most cordial sympathy, even to his heroic remedy. If the executive committee of his S. S. U. K. would but proceed indiscriminately to consume all rubbish, their mission might be a mitigating one; but we are afraid the said committee would be packed in the interest of certain ideas, and that the combustion would not

go on impartially. Indeed, when it comes to firing the rubbish-heaps, our author betrays his preferences—his pets he would spare; all the rest might go.

He is very frank in acknowledging that his weakness leads him to prefer fiction to truth. The marvels of mystery are precious. We cannot part with the anthropophagi, and the men "whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders;" with Prester John and the Land of Eldorado. "While we grow doubly anxious to investigate useless matters of fact, we remorselessly sweep away all the charming fables in which we once rejoiced. To say nothing of Romulus and Remus, of King Hengist and Horsa, and of all the pleasant heroes who had the one fault, and that fault shared with many of the most delightful companions of our school-days, of having never existed, we are in real danger of losing all our villains." Having thus stated what would be the objects of his conserving care, he intimates that, if science could be somehow escaped, it would be a mighty relief. He thus voices his misery at its later extensions:

"We have lately heard immense rejoicings over the discoveries which have extended our knowledge even beyond the solar system. It is unspeakably gratifying, it seems, to be able to say that some sort of gas (I entirely decline to write down any specific name, lest I should expose myself to the laughter of all well-informed persons) is to found not only in this ridiculously small planet, but in the sun, and in Sirius, and in various stars up and down the sky. That the discoverers have shown remarkable powers of mind I am most willing to believe: but I can't derive much comfort from the knowledge they have gained. Suppose that it is plainly made out that at a distance of more millions of miles than the mind of man can conceive, there is some unpronounceable stuff which also exists here, how am I the better for that fact? I do not mean how will it increase my income, but how shall I be the happier, or the wiser? Everybody was in a great state of excitement last summer to hear something about certain red prominences which appear round the sun in eclipses, and to know what they were made of. What, I ask, are the red prominences to me, or I to the red prominences? The moon was always one of my illusions, and it has been cruelly put down by these men of science. We are now informed, if I am not mistaken, that it is nothing but a big, burnt-out cinder, which is some use in getting up tides (not that I know very clearly what is the good of tides), but totally unsuitable for intending emigrants, even if they could get there. Every one who has had a proper value for the moon, considered in a poetical or æsthetic point of view, must regret that it turns out to be nothing better than a second-hand earth, with a large quantity of mountains, and not even the ghost of an Alpine Club to climb them."

Again, he is bored by the Gulf-stream:

"I was truly pleased, the other day, at reading (I know not whether it was accurate) that the Gulf-stream had been proved to be a delusion. The Gulf-stream was almost as great a nuisance as Macaulay's New-Zealand, or the German who evolves things from the depths of his consciousness. One could not mention the weather without giving a chance to somebody to clothe himself with the true scientific swagger, and hurl the Gulf-stream at your head. There are certain remarks which nobody ever makes without a certain air of superior wisdom: such as the political commonplace that the tyranny of a mob is as bad as the tyranny of a despot; and the man who affected familiarity with the Gulf-stream always seemed to feel himself six inches taller in consequence. I should have real pleasure in hearing that the Gulf-stream had been definitively exploded."

Now, sympathizing profoundly, as we do, with our friend's affliction, we must say that we do not think his wisdom equals his wretchedness. He is clearly on a false scent. He would suppress that which is itself the great agency of suppression, and his course, therefore, cannot fail to defeat itself. He would be rid of science; but, in doing so, he turns his back upon the very instrument he wants for his purpose. Science is the great condenser and epitomizer—the great devourer of rubbish and detail. It tends perpetually to merge isolated facts in principles; it substitutes generals for particulars, and laws for facts. From the chaotic multitude of things which perplex and confound the mind it extracts a method which

makes possible an enormous economy of mental force. It is the function of science to pack knowledge into the smallest compass—to put it up in generalized cases, and deal with it at wholesale. Individual facts are fused, and disappear in inductions; lesser inductions disappear in those still larger, and thus, by a sort of distillation and redistillation, we get the quintessence of that which it is needful to know. Besides, in discovering one new truth, science rids us of a score of errors. Every principle that it establishes shuts the flood-gates of controversy, and dries up deluges of twaddle. The writer is happy that he can gaze at the steam-engine in delicious and contented ignorance of its principles of working; but he forgets that the understanding of it would give him the explanation of a thousand other things. To eyes anointed by science, the steam-engine becomes transparent, a window letting in the light from a whole landscape of diversified and interesting phenomena. The red prominences may be nothing to him, nor he to the red prominences; but, as the spectroscope, which reveals their constitution, is an instrument of evidence which sends men to the gallows, it may possibly come home to him, if the red prominences do not; while, to a mind not demoralized by an inane and frivolous literature, the beautiful principles involved in spectroscopic observation would be a source of refined and genuine pleasure. But all this is a matter of taste, and is aside from the real question.

But, having vented his impatience at the inexorable agency which is clearing the world of overgrown error, discrediting whole systems of bad mental work, and reducing actual knowledge into the most convenient forms for use, the *Cornhill* writer thinks that works of imagination should be encouraged and multiplied. This is certainly a most singular proceeding for one who is dying with a desire to get rid of rubbish, and to bring things within manageable limits; for the mode of mental action which he patronizes is exactly that which runs into boundless and incompressible detail. As works of imagination depend upon a lively sensibility to external appearances in Nature and life, their art implies going over all the particulars with the utmost minuteness of delineation. Imaginative literature deals with the concrete and the sensible, and runs on with endless description and interminable comment; and, when to this expansive tendency is added that unlimited license of invention which creates new worlds of fancy with as little compunction as we blow soap-bubbles, we have all the conditions for overrunning the world with trumpery. For the accumulated rubbish of the past, and the ever-accumulating rubbish of the present, which cram the libraries to bursting; for the trash that burdens the news-stands, and hunts us, through cars and steamboats, to the ends of the earth—who is responsible? Science furnishes but one part, while imagination furnishes a thousand; and, while the products of lawless fancy are spawning at a rate which threatens to cover all the land, like the frogs of Egypt, works of science are performing the office of Aaron's rod—swallowing up the false and spurious, and putting them out of the way.

TABLE-TALK.

REFERRING again to Henry Crabb Robinson's delightful "Diary," from which we made several extracts last week, we glean from its rich mine of entertainment a few more anecdotes and reminiscences of English notables:

—I saw "Coriolanus." It was a glorious treat. I never saw Kemble so great. He played the autocrat so admirably, and the democratic tribunes and the electors of Rome appeared so contemptible, that he drew down hisses on them.

—Heard, the other day, of Jekyll, the following pun: He said, "Erskine used to hesitate very much, and could not speak well after dinner. I dined with him once at the Fishmongers' Company. He made such sad work of speechifying, that I asked him whether it was in honor of the company that he floundered so."

—Called on Lamb, and chatted an hour with him. Talfourd stepped in, and we had a pleasant conversation. Lamb has a very exclusive taste, and

spoke with equal contempt of Voltaire's *Tales* and "Gil Blas." He may be right in thinking the latter belongs to a low class of composition, but he ought not to deny that it has excellence of its kind.

—Coleridge made himself merry at the expense of Fusell, whom he always called Fuzzle or Fuzly. He told a story of Fusell's being on a visit at Liverpool at a time when, unfortunately, he had to divide the attention of the public with a Prussian soldier, who had excited a great deal of notice by his enormous powers of eating. And the annoyance was aggravated by persons persisting in considering the soldier as Fusell's countryman. He spent his last evening at Dr. Crompton's, when Roscoe (whose visitor Fusell was) took an opportunity of giving a hint to the company that no one should mention the glutton. The admonition, unfortunately, was not heard by a lady, who, turning to the great academical and lecturer, said, "Well, sir, your countryman has been surpassing himself." "Madam," growled the irritated painter, "the fellow is no countryman of mine." "He is a foreigner! Have you not heard what he has been doing? He has eaten a live cat!" "A live cat!" every one exclaimed, except Fusell, whose rage was excited by the suggestion of a lady famous for her blunders. "Dear me, Mr. Fusell, that would be a fine subject for your pencil." "My pencil, madam?" "To be sure, sir, as the horrible is your forte." "You mean the *terrible*, madam," he replied, with an assumed composure, muttering, at the same time, between his teeth, "if a silly woman can mean any thing!"

—A pleasant party at Collier's. Lamb in high spirits. One pun from him at least successful. Puns being abused, and the old joke repeated that he who puns will pick a pocket, some one said, "Punsters themselves have no pockets." "No," said Lamb, "they carry only a *ridicule*."

—At C. Lamb's. Coleridge there. A short but interesting conversation on German metaphysics. He related some curious anecdotes of his son, Hartley, whom he represented as a most remarkable child. A deep thinker in his infancy—one who tormented himself in his attempts to solve the problems which would equally torment the full-grown man, if the world and its cares and its pleasures did not abstract his attention. When about five years old, Hartley was asked a question, concerning himself, by some one who called him Hartley. "Which Hartley?" asked the boy. "Why, is there more than one Hartley?" "Yes, there's a deal of Hartleys." "How so?" "There's Picture Hartley" (Hazlitt had painted a portrait of him) "and Shadow Hartley, and there's Echo Hartley and there's Catch-me-fast Hartley." At the same time seizing his own arm with the other hand, very eagerly, an action which shows that his mind must have been led to reflect on what Kant calls the great and inexplicable mystery, that man should be both his own subject and object, and that these should yet be one. "At the same early age," said Coleridge, "he used to be in an agony of thought about the reality of existence. Some one said to him, 'It is not now, but it is to be.' 'But,' said he, 'if it is to be, it is.' Perhaps this confusion of thought lay not merely in the imperfection of language. Hartley, when a boy, had no pleasure in things; they made no impression on him, till they had undergone a sort of process in his mind, and become thoughts or feelings."

—Journey to London. Inledon, the singer, was in the coach, and I found him just the man I should have expected. Seven rings on his fingers, five seals on his watch-ribbon, and a gold snuff-box, at once betrayed the old beau. I spoke in terms of rapture of Mrs. Siddons. He replied, "Ah, Sally's a fine creature. She has a charming place on the Edgeware Road. I dined with her last year, and she paid me one of the finest compliments I ever received. I sang 'The Storm' after dinner. She cried and sobbed like a child. Taking both of my hands, she said, 'All that I and my brother ever did is nothing compared with the effect you produce!'"

—Took tea at Flaxman's. He spoke highly of the great variety of talents possessed by Lawrence. On occasion of the contest for the professorship of painting between Opie and Fusell, Flaxman says, "Lawrence made an extempore speech in support of Fusell better than any speech he (Flaxman) ever heard. But," said Flaxman, "Lawrence's powers are almost his ruin. He is ever in company. One person admires his singing, another his reading, another his conversational talents, and he is overwhelmed with engagements. I have heard Hazlitt say, 'No good talker will ever labor enough to become a good painter.'"

—Coleridge talked of German poetry, representing Klopstock as compounded of every thing bad in Young, Harvey, and Richardson. He praised warmly an essay on Hogarth, by Lamb, and spoke of *wrongers* of subjects as well as *writers* on them.

—Fraser related a humorous story of his meeting, in a stage-coach, with a little fellow who was not only very smart and buckish in his dress, but also a pretender to science and philosophy. He spoke of having been at Paris, and of having read Helvetius, Voltaire, etc., and was very fluent in his declamation on the origin of ideas, self-love, and the other favorite doctrines of the new school. He said, "I have no objection to confess myself a *materialist*." On this an old man, who had listened for a long time to the discourse, and had more than once betrayed symptoms of dissatisfaction and scorn toward the philosopher, could not contain himself any longer. "D— it, that's too bad. You have the impudence to say you are a *materialist*, when I know you are a *dancing-master*. . . . It is too bad for a man to say he is of one trade, when he is of another."

—Joined Wordsworth in Oxford road; we then got into the fields and walked to Hampstead. . . . Met Joanna Bailie, and accompanied her home. She is small in figure, and her gait is mean and shuffling; but her manners are those of a well-bred woman. She has none of the unpleasant airs too common to literary ladies. Her conversation is sensible. . . . Wordsworth said of her, with warmth, "If I had to present any one to a foreigner as a model of an English gentlewoman, it would be Joanna Bailie."

—Coleridge walked with me to A. Robinson's for my copy of Spinoza, which I lent him. While standing in the room, he kissed Spinoza's face in the title-page, and said, "This book is a gospel to me." But in less than a

minute he added, "his philosophy is nevertheless false. Spinoza's system has been demonstrated to be false; but only by that philosophy which has demonstrated the falsehood of all other philosophies. Did philosophy commence with an *if* *is*, instead of an *I am*, Spinoza would be altogether true."

Talfourd combined great industry with great vivacity of intellect. He had a marvellous flow of florid language, both in conversation and speech-making.

Curran (at a dinner at Madame de Staël's), who is in his best moments a delightful companion, told some merry stories, at which our hostess exclaimed, "Ah, que cela est charmant." He was, however, also melancholy, and said he never went to bed in Ireland, without wishing not to rise again. He spoke of the other world, and those he should wish to see there. Madame de Staël said that, after she had seen those she loved (this with a sentimental sigh), she should inquire for Adam and Eve, and ask how they were born. During a light conversation about the living and the dead, Lady Mackintosh exclaimed, "After all, the truth of it seems to be that the sinners have the best of it in this world, and the saints in the next." Curran declared "Paradise Lost" to be the worst poem in the language. Milton was incapable of a tender or delicate sentiment toward women. Curran did not render these heresies palatable by either originality or pleasantry. Godwin defended Milton with zeal, and even for his submission to Cromwell, who, he said, thought a usurper, was not a tyrant nor cruel.

Lamb related a piece of wit by Coleridge which we all held to be capital. Lamb had written to Coleridge about one of dear old Christ's Hospital masters, who had been a severe disciplinarian, intimating that he hoped Coleridge had forgiven all injuries. Coleridge replied that he certainly had; he hoped his soul was in heaven, and that, when he went there, he was borne by a host of cherubs, all face and wing, and without any thing to excite his whipping propensities.

It may seem a very strong assertion to say that New York, architecturally, is crumbling to dust, and yet an examination of many of our buildings will show that such an event is not so remote as at first thought it may appear. The brown or red sandstone, so much used for building, is a very handsome material; but "lasting as a rock" is a proverb of but little significance as applied to this crumbling stone, which is scarcely in position before the work of disintegration begins. Commencing at the points most exposed to the weather, it shells off in minute scales, each piece, as it falls, leaving a rougher and more sensitive surface exposed, until large flakes, nearly the full size of the block of stone, following the line of stratification, become loosened, and fall off like stucco from a ruined wall. This takes place in all the brownstone used, though some varieties possess the power of resisting the action of the weather to a much greater extent than others. If any person desires convincing proofs of this statement, all that is necessary is for him to examine the stone when first used, and he will find it apparently solid and durable; then let him visit some house that has been built a few years, and he will find that the sides of the steps, the cornices, and, perhaps, the edges to some of the stones, begin to show defective points and the absence of small pieces, which have apparently been knocked or chipped off. The next step in the work of disintegration may be observed in buildings which have been exposed for a greater number of years to the weather, and in these will be found large pieces missing, crumbled window-caps, and broken cornices. Would the inquirer like to see the ultimate result of this decay, let a visit be paid to any of the old cemeteries—Trinity, for instance—and rough, unsightly slabs will be found, which once were tablets, recording the virtues of the mortals whose memory they were intended to perpetuate; yet now they stand, and that is all, a collection of scarcely cohering strata, ready to fall in fragments at a touch. The greater exposure of these stones has but accelerated a result which will be the fate of all things in which this material is used. Were the strata to be arranged horizontally, instead of vertically, there is no doubt that greater durability would be secured; but, even then, could any confidence be placed in a material which has proved itself so perishable? We have stated that the very choicest varieties of brownstone show this defect, and, in support of the assertion, point to Trinity Church, which is confessedly built of the very best. Even here we find the work of disintegration in its incipient stages. The present generation will scarcely see the palaces of our millionnaires transformed into seamed and broken ruins; but what will be the condition of these buildings a hundred years hence, or even in fifty years?

A correspondent, who signs himself "H. R.," writes in response to a contribution, that appeared in this JOURNAL a few weeks ago under the title of "Are we Womanizing?" and heads his communication "Not Exactly Womanizing," arguing as follows:

"If the men of America are womanizing, what are the women doing? Both sexes live and move under the same climatic and social influences. They are identical in germ, and identical in surroundings. The forces

which operate to work a change in the character of the one, are equally potent and equally present to work a corresponding change in that of the other. Are the women of America 'losing in strength and gaining in sweetness?' 'Forgetting how to reason and learning how to feel?' . . . Nature has placed the sexes apart. She has drawn lines between them that are palpable and indelible. She has coordinated physical with physical differences. Man cannot, in any true sense, become womanized, nor woman manized. It does not follow, because man is the strongest and woman the sweetest, that, when the man becomes less strong, he will be more sweet. It does not follow that, in forgetting how to reason, he will learn how to feel. The loss of one sense may be sometimes partially made up by the additional acuteness acquired by the others; but imbecility is imbecility. If a man reasons no better than a woman, it is not because he has exchanged one endowment for another, but because he is as weak as a woman, without having her compensating excellences.

"The American men, as represented by the writer class—journalists, magicians, itemists, sensationists, and the like—are properly enough compared to those leggy English racers who lose in wind and bottom what they gain in speed. If 'the dry air of this continent has served to produce some remarkable physical peculiarities in our people,' it may be that to the dry air are to be attributed also our mental peculiarities. That the physical tenuity, which is so striking a characteristic of the American, is coordinated with a corresponding thinness of intellect, is a thing under the circumstances not very difficult to believe.

"America is destined, of course, to rear a breed of people peculiarly its own. New England, and those portions of the United States to which there has been but little emigration, are beginning to show what are to be the effects upon the human germ of the American environment. We have the aborigine before us to indicate what has heretofore been the result upon a similar trial; and there is no denying that the American man of an old family exhibits an approximation to the Indian type in his physical proportions.

"That the American people, when the breed has attained its full development, will not exhibit a very high order of intellectual excellence, it is not hard to believe. We are a very fast people, and speed is not indicative of solidity. The peoples of the world who think most rapidly are not they who think most profoundly. So far as the masculine mind is concerned, the 'legginess' is not to be disputed. There is nothing which the American man dreads more than to be compelled to think. He is willing to pay anybody to think for him; and, having elected who is to perform this service, he follows him implicitly, and never takes the trouble to examine whether it is being done well or ill. We have ingrained in our political, social, and economical conditions the gravest questions—questions not only worthy of the most anxious thought, but including elements calculated to excite profound apprehension. And yet we do not seem even to know it; much less to be able to solve the impending inevitable problems; and, still less, to be willing to undertake. We live in an atmosphere of fallacies, political, moral, educational, and theological—fallacies which an exceedingly small amount of reasoning from facts within every day's reach of observation would expose; and yet they go year after year unexposed. They acquire a prescriptive right to acceptance. They become the foundations upon which the interests of individuals and interests professedly of a public character are erected; eventually they come to be looked upon as articles of faith, which to call in question involves a risk that many are not willing to encounter.

"The ideal American is 'Young America;' sharp at a bargain, prematurely sophisticated, too fast to think, reckless of consequences, and bound to be successful, because to unbounded ignorance he joins unbounded audacity. In his mind there may be an abundance of shallowness, but there is no sweetness. If he is soft, it is not because he approximates to the woman but because he is approaching rottenness. Short-sighted enough and sensational he may be, but no resemblance of womanly sympathy and tenderness will find a place in his composition. He is not womanized; he is spoilt."

A large number of our readers will be interested in the likeness of Mr. W. E. H. Lecky, which we present in this week's JOURNAL. It represents a man who, though still young, has achieved a high position in historical literature. Mr. Lecky first became known by the publication, in 1865, of his interesting and elaborate work on the "History of the Rise and Influence of Rationalism in Europe." The English public were slow to perceive its merits, several months having passed away, after its publication, before there were any symptoms of its being appreciated. It, however, received an early recognition in this country, was promptly republished, and immediately accorded the position of an original and standard historical disquisition upon a subject never before so ably developed. Except a lecture before the Royal Institution, on the Influence of the Imagination in History, the only other work we have from Mr. Lecky is his recently-published History of Morals. Mr. Lecky is a gentleman of a tall and commanding figure, with a very pleasant and youthful expression. He is understood to be a man of fortune, of reclusive and studious habits, an Irishman, unmarried, who divides his time chiefly between his well-stocked library, in Albemarle Street, London, and travelling on the Continent.

Herodotus mentions a tradition, that once the Caspian Sea became covered with a fluid which took fire, converting the whole into one vast sheet of flame. The truth of this tradition was verified by an extraordinary occurrence which took place in July of the pres-

ent year. The islands in this sea, it is well known, abound in wells of naphtha. From some cause, these wells overflowed, and the naphtha, running into the sea, became ignited, in spite of all precautions. For forty-eight hours, many thousand square miles were one rolling, tossing billow of flame, which only died out with the exhaustion of the inflammable matter on which it fed. No loss of human life has been reported; but, when the fire had burned itself out, the sea was found to be thickly covered with dead fish.

— In the JOURNAL of August 21st, under the head of "Literary and Scientific Notes," we gave a description of a new method of preserving meat, which we obtained from French sources. We have since received letters from Dr. J. E. Dotch, of Washington, and from one of the examiners of patents, informing us that the invention is American, not French, and that it is covered by letters-patent granted to Dr. Dotch, dated September 1, 1868, and February 3, 1869.

Foreign Notes.

THE return of the pilgrims from Mecca this year, on account of the excellent sanitary measures taken, has not been signalized by the outbreak of cholera or any epidemic. Great credit is due to the Ottoman Government for having faithfully carried out all the prescriptions recommended by the sanitary commission assembled in Constantinople in 1866 and 1867. In former years, the pestilence was engendered by the putrefaction of the remains of animals sacrificed by thousands according to the traditional rites of the Mohammedans, and then, following the trail of their caravans, marched along with them, east and west, introducing and spreading the disease throughout the populous districts of Europe and Asia. To destroy this infallible cause of epidemics, broad and deep trenches were dug this year, filled with lime, into which were thrown all organic matters, disinfected, besides, with sulphate of iron, abundantly sprinkled over. The number of pilgrims this year exceeded one hundred and ten thousand, of whom seventy-seven thousand came and went by land in caravans, and thirty-three thousand by sea to Djeddah and Suez. The latter, mostly from British India, which contains a Mohammedan population of more than thirty millions, were subjected, along with the Mohammedans of the Dutch possessions, to a rigorous quarantine, on account of a rumor being current that cholera was prevalent in the countries they left behind. They were, therefore, obliged to go through the usual vexatious formalities on board ship in the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, until they could produce a clean bill of health. This year, for the first time, the Suez Canal was taken advantage of by the pilgrims, who were pleasantly transported through a desert-region in which they used to suffer so many miseries and hardships. The flat pontoons containing them were firmly lashed together and drawn by a French tug-steamers, gayly decorated with flags. The motley crowds so accommodated represented the various types of the principal Oriental races, with all their interesting diversity of features, expression, and costume; no spirit of trifling gaiety animated the pilgrims, the stern gravity of their demeanor plainly expressing that they regarded their coming as an act of faith altogether incompatible with levity. Let us hope that the pontoons laden with pilgrims will be the prelude to the more noble sight of fleets of gallant ships, drawing six yards of water, carrying eastward the produce of the West, on the 17th day of November next, the date at present fixed upon for this great event. The sultan has consented to open the canal in person, and will, according to report, appear in all the pomp and magnificence that tradition and poetry have associated with Eastern potentates. On the opening day, merchantmen and ships-of-war will have a free passage through; they must, however, arrive at Port Said on the 16th, at latest. They will sail in procession from Port Said to Lake Timsah on the 17th; on the 18th, they will stop in front of Ismailia, where the Khedive or Viceroy of Egypt will give a splendid fête; and, on the 19th, they will pass through the Bitter Lakes (*Lacs Amers*) and enter the Red Sea on the same day.

The power of fascination possessed by snakes has often been doubted; yet, in an article by Mrs. Barber, of Graham's Town, South Africa, published in the *Scientific Opinion* of July 28th, the position is taken that many serpents procure their food simply by the exercise of this power, and in support of that view of the subject the following authentic instances of the exercise of the faculty are given. We do not quote *verbatim*, merely giving the outlines of each case. Mr. J. B. Bowker, of Alstonfields, district of Somerset, when walking one day in his garden, was attracted by the loud chirping of birds, and, upon investigating the cause, discovered a large "tree-snake" coiled in the branches of a fruit-tree, surrounded by birds, one of which was slowly approaching it. The bird fluttered around and hopped from twig to twig, gradually drawing nearer and nearer, until, when within some six

inches of the snake's head, the latter quietly extended its open jaws, took its prey, and then, coiling its body around the little victim, crushed it, and afterward devoured it. Mr. W. Stubbs, of Whittlesea district of Queenstown, while crossing a cornfield, heard the plaintive cry of a rat, which appeared to be in great trouble. He went to the spot whence the noise proceeded, and found a rat walking backward and forward, and yet constantly drawing near a point where lay a large puff-adder, motionless, with its mouth wide open, and its eyes fixed upon the rat. A few moments sufficed to bring the rat within the adder's reach, when it was quickly killed and eaten. In the summer of 1860, Mr. Bowker, of the frontier armed and mounted police, High Commissioner's agent in Basutalong, was stationed at Butterworth in the Trans-Keian territory. One day, while indulging in a stroll, his attention was attracted by the squeaking of a mouse, which, to use his own expression "had evidently come to grief in some way or other." Upon investigating the cause he found a brown snake which was exercising its powers of fascination upon a mouse. He at once killed the snake, but the mouse, still under the spell, continued to approach the snake. Mr. Bowker took the mouse in his hand, but it manifested no fear of him, seeming perfectly overcome by the power of the snake. He put it on the ground, when to his surprise it actually crept to the spot where the dead snake was lying and sat upon its head. After a time it appeared to realize its position, and crawled away. Mr. H. M. Barber, of Highlands, near Graham's Town, discovered a green-and-yellow tree-snake in the act of fascinating a wood-robin. He called to his father, who came with a gun, and the two watched the operation until they saw that in another moment the bird would fall into the open mouth of the snake. The father then raised his gun, and by a well-aimed shot killed the snake, and saved the life of the bird. The instances cited by Mrs. Barber conclude with one so nearly the duplicate of the last given that it would not prove interesting, and is probably only published as a piece of cumulative evidence.

Speaking of Mr. W. W. Story's statue of George Peabody, at the Royal Exchange, the London *Athenaeum* says: "It represents the benefactor seated in an ornate and effective, if not very well-designed, chair of modern make, and wearing an entirely modern costume, in respect to the employment of which nothing could be more desirable for a public statue. The figure exhibits much ease of attitude, rests its shoulders against the back rail of the chair, with arms in front, one of which reposes on the corresponding elbow of the seat; the other lies lightly, but with little 'expression,' upon its fellow-thigh. The legs are crossed at the knees. Much of the difficulty of successfully composing a seated figure, so as to look finely from all points of view, has been avoided rather than mastered by the use of the chair, which is perfectly legitimate. Accordingly, however, the design, in this respect, is not to be tried by a high and difficult standard. Many points of view are eminently satisfactory. The expression of the face is genial and apt. The so-called difficulty of treating a modern boot, coat, waistcoat, and pair of trousers, has been overcome with remarkably good fortune."

A new dyeing substance, extracted from madder-root, has been discovered by M. Rocheleder, professor in the University of Prague. Madder-root, treated with diluted mineral acids, produces, besides alizarine and purpurine, a very small proportion of a third substance very closely related to them both. The color of its alkaline solution is almost the same as the color of the alkaline solution of chrysophanic acid. The acids precipitate it in the form of gelatinous flakes, perfectly amorphous, of very pale yellow. By dissolving it in an alcoholic solution, it crystallizes in orange-yellow particles; but, in a solution of acetic acid, in citron-yellow particles. The watery solution, impregnated with acetic acid, and brought to the boil, communicates a fast dye of bright-golden yellow to either silk or woollen fabrics placed in contact with it.

"A book on 'English Worthies in the Reign of Elizabeth' may be welcomed," says the *Athenaeum*, "at a time when the ideas of young people with respect to the worthies of all ages are being utterly perverted by the stage, as far as the stage can do it. Raleigh himself, one of the noblest and ablest of Englishmen, has been served up in burlesque at the Strand, the chief place for such desecration, where he was made to sing slang songs, perpetrate pointless puns, and dance break-down dances."

The Museum.

THE navigation of the air has always been the subject of experiment, and, even with the advancement of science in the present century, the secret of traversing the air at will is still involved in mystery. For many years, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the efforts of experimentalists were directed to the construction of some apparatus which, attached to the body, would enable a man to rival the flight of a bird. These machines, it is needless to say, were all failures; yet their

constructors were so confident that they would accomplish the object for which they were intended, that they risked and sometimes lost life in putting them to the test from the tops of columns, steeples, and



An Aeronaut of the 17th Century.

other elevated positions. One man, who was maimed for life by a fall, attributed his failure to his having neglected to provide himself with a tail; another thought his difficulty lay in not having a counterweight for his feet; and so each had a good excuse for his failure. The illustration which we give to-day represents one of the most curious of these

flyng-machines, invented in the seventeenth century. It requires no description, as the design of every portion, from the guiding parachute, attached to the head, to the counterweight, suspended from the waist, is evident. This machine, however, like all the rest, was a failure, and the representation given of it is only valuable as a curious reminiscence of misdirected talent.

It is a very prevalent opinion that tropical countries far surpass temperate countries in the abundance and brilliancy of the flowers, and in the magnificent appearance of hundreds of forest-trees covered with masses of colored blossoms. On this subject, Mr. Wallace (than whom few have had better means of judging) says: "My whole experience in the equatorial regions of the West and the East has convinced me that, in the most luxuriant parts of the tropics, flowers are less abundant, on the average less showy, and are far less effective in adding color to the landscape, than in temperate climates." The erroneous view has arisen, he thinks, from our gathering together into close proximity in our hot-houses the finest flowering plants, which in nature are found widely apart.

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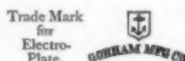
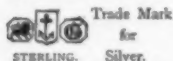
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